JOHN BULL

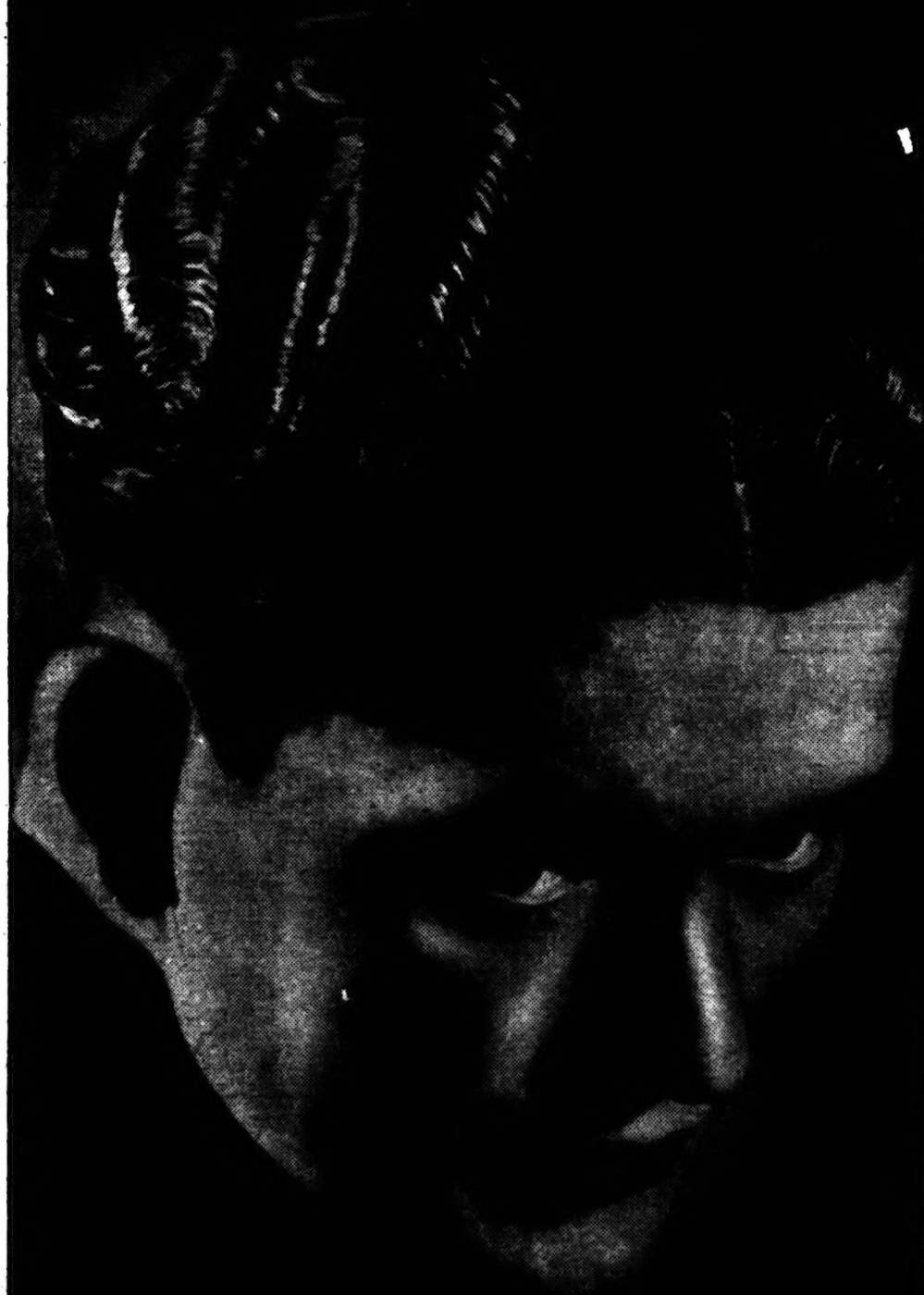
TWOPENCE

There's no better remedy than

BRYLCREEM

for

'DRY HAIR'



BRYLCREEM
A PERFECT HAIRDRESSING
ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM GUM
IT IMPARTS A SPLENDID GLOSS TO THE HAIR
IT FIXES IT IN ANY DESIRED POSITION
IT NEVER 'FLAKES' THE HAIR
The County Perfumery Co
1/-

In bottles and tubes 1/-

Larger bottles, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

At all Chemists and Hairdressers

Also use BRYLFOAM—the best shampoo in a tube—price Sixpence

The County Perfumery Company, North Circular Road, West Twyford, London, N.W.10

regde G.595

EARLY MORNING TEA TRAGEDY

AT five o'clock he got up and began to prepare an early morning cup of tea for his wife. He had done this for years now; it was something that was all part and parcel of his everyday life. Quickly he had the kettle boiling, and a minute or two later was on his way upstairs with a cup of tea.

He was on his way down, when, without warning he slipped, and unable to regain his balance, he fell to the bottom. With the help of his son, who rushed downstairs, he managed to get up to bed, but later he collapsed and was removed to hospital, where despite every assistance he died from a fractured skull.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that recently befell Mr. J. Allen, of 9, Tees Street, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough. As Mr. Allen was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid to his widow.

"JOHN BULL" YOUR SAFEGUARD

In addition to providing numerous other Benefits, "John Bull" is still the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£600 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £600 15s. 4d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

Household & Sickness Benefits	£262	0 4
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£115	5 0
Children's Accidents	£223	10 0
	£600	15 4

If you have not yet registered for this great unique Security Gift, do so at once. Use the Forms below to-day!

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 20/5/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 20/5/39.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33.

SOUTH WESTERN

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LTD

FILMS FREE FOR WHITSUN AND FOR EVER

We lend your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made 'Gnatispeed' film to advertise the Gnatispeed Service. NO 'CATCH.' Send this advt. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. ALL STANDARD SIZES: 3½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 3 x 3, or 3½ x 1½ films, and to fit KODAK 620 Cameras.

GNATISPOOL LTD. (Dept. J.B.7.), 37, Isles Lane, Leeds, 11, or 307, William Street, Glasgow, C.3.

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SENSATIONAL MONEY SAVING OPPORTUNITY FOR JOHN BULL READERS!

Tear out and post the coupon for H. Samuel's wonderful new book of bargains. Then, from the fascinating selection illustrated, choose any watch, ring, piece of jewellery, silverware, cutlery, or other lifetime treasure on 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL! Prove for yourself that H. Samuel's direct-from-factory cash prices save you up to 50%!

To H. SAMUEL, Dept. 183, Market Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me your new Book of Bargains in Good Watches, Rings, Jewellery, Silverware, Clocks, Cutlery and other lifetime treasures.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

(Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.)

H.SAMUEL

Ladies' dainty Chromium watch on moire silk band. High-grade fully guaranteed timekeeper. 10/6
A marvel of Value!

Men! Look at this modern design Chromium wrist watch. Fine timekeeper for hard daily service. Tested and fully guaranteed. 12/6.

Your money goes twice as far at H. SAMUEL'S, and, what's more, it buys better value into the bargain! How? Because H. SAMUEL sells direct to you, for cash, and thus saves you all middlemen's profits and credit charges! Two typical H. Samuel watch bargains are shown on left, superbly made, beautifully finished. Obtainable with thousands of pounds' economy. On right are three fully guaranteed Diamond rings. Look what you get for as little as 42/-!

H. SAMUEL

The Empire's Largest Jeweller,
90 BRANCHES IN GT. BRITAIN
Headquarters: Market St., Manchester, 1

All Platinum Settings and 18-ct. Solid Gold Rings.

watch NEWS REVIEW

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 2d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 2d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 130-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

VALUE 3d

MODERN BABY-CLOTHES

GENUINE BARGAIN—Expectant Mothers, obtain now this ENTIRELY NEW 75 BEAUTIFUL GARMENT LAYETTE. Complete requirements for immediate use and onwards for the first year. Summer or Winter Wear. Home-made modern LAWN GOWNS or WOOL FROCKS, HANDSOME FULL-SIZE CHERI. SHAWL, WINCEY OR LAWN NIGHTIES, CHERI. ROBE OR WOOL SET, WOOL VESTS, COSY SUITS, COATS, BOOTEES, OVERALLS, PILCHERS, BACK FLANNELS, GAUZE OR TOWEL NAPKINS, &c. Over 7,000 unsolicited testimonials. One purchaser writes: "No mother would make or buy elsewhere if she realised the value and quality of your Layette."

ONLY 30/-

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. S. HOWARD, 69, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS. Thousands of genuine unsolicited testimonials received from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made." If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and may save you pounds, so write to-day. THE STANLEY INSTITUTE Ltd. (Dept. B.N. 99) 61, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

MULTICOLOURED TILES kept beautiful

A fine glossy finish which enriches the colours of Multi-coloured Tiles is easily obtained with Cardinal TRANSPARENT Polish.

Also in Red, White, Cream, Green, Buff, etc.

Of all Dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH 6d. & 1/-

CP/CL/3

Every man between 16 and 60 should Get this FREE BOOK

★If you want to be fit, have power, confidence, strength, health, perfect physique, such as you have never enjoyed before, send at once for a free copy of a special illustrated book entitled "Supermanity," written by Harold Laurance, the world's most perfect superman, undefeated Triple Strength Champion of Great Britain and Official Olympic Games Representative, who is offering a course of Physical Culture carried out in your own home at only 1/- a week, and there is a £1,000 in cash and other prizes open to all who enrol. Write, mentioning "John Bull," for a copy of the Free Book to Harold Laurance, The Laurance Institute of Health and Stamina, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Ludgate House, 110, Fleet St., London

CARPET BARGAINS

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Tudorlite" Reversible SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 3 carpets, 3 Rugs and 3 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Wembley Road, Leeds.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33.

ALL STEEL BEDSTEAD AT LOW COST

ONLY 17/3 EACH

Practical and inexpensive, this comfortable RIGID STEEL - CONSTRUCTED BEDSTEAD has six strong Bars and a 24 Spiral Spring Mattress, 3 ft. by 6 ft. 2 ins. So assembled that SAGGING IS DEFINITELY PREVENTED. First quality finish, smart appearance, and extremely economical in price.

Special prices to large users, such as EVACUATION CAMPS, HOLIDAY CAMPS, HOTELS, BOARDING HOUSES, etc. SEND NOW to:—

BAXTER, FELL & CO. LTD.
[illegible] LONDON, E.1.

Include 1/9 for carriage and packing. Cash or C.O.D.

3 WAY BED SETTEE

LOUNGE SETTEE or FULL LENGTH BED

37/-

or 3/- weekly. Carr. & Pack. Eng. & W. 3/-

Patent Spring Seat, Solid Oak Frame, Turned Legs, 3 Velvet Cord Cushions, colour to suit everyone. Send for new coloured catalogue J. of Wonderful Bargains in upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites.

Cheques, Registered Letters or Counsel P.O.s to NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 58, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

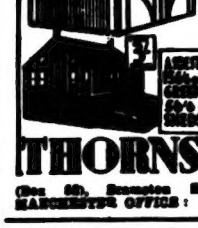
8 x 25 Model for 75/-

yours for 3/- dep.

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lemiere, Paris. 8x Magnification, Wide View, "Screw and Eyepiece Focus," Bending Bar, Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Straps. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days, 75/- only. Fully Illus. List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

DAVIES & CO. (Dept. J.B. 1939), 90-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

FREE BUILDINGS



Also 2/- in £ REDUCTION. Write for full details. Buildings in sections. Easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid. FREE Catalogue:

GARAGES	..	£2 0
GARDEN SHEDS	..	£2 5
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AVIARIES	..	£2 7
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(Dept. 62), Brampton Road, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT. MANCHESTER OFFICE: (Dept. 62), 26, CORPORATION ST.

SOHO MYNA

Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 3½in. by 2½in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in crinkle black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera.

Wonderful value at 15/-

Ask your dealer or write direct to SOHO Ltd., 3, Soho Square, London, W.1

do you want MORE MONEY?

Of course you do! And quite right, too! More money for clothes, for holidays, for the home, for pleasures, and to put aside for a "rainy day"—and here's an easy way to get it. **Fill in your name and address and post the coupon for full particulars of how you can make at least £2—and up to £5 and more in a very pleasant way which takes only a few minutes spare time each week.**

It's simple, it's easy, it's enjoyable, and, above all, it's profitable.

Thousands of "Worldwide" Club Organisers are making extra money at this happiest of hobbies. No selling or canvassing to do, no samples to carry, and everything you require is provided free

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY!

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money For You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

J.B. 51. .....
Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.

The Modern Way: FREE FILMS

Why buy films when you can always get your Filmbac spools FREE? Post your exposed film (any make) to us with P.O. for 1/10 for developing and printing and we'll include a new Filmbac spool with the prints. (Postcard prints from every negative at no extra cost.) If you haven't a film send a postcard now for FREE and POST FREE "Filmbac" spool. State size required and your name and address. Sizes available: 2½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 3 x 2, 2½ x 1½, and to fit KODAK 620 Cameras.

FILMBAC PHOTO WORKS, G.P.O. Box 18, BELFAST.

This offer does not apply to Northern Ireland.

QUALITY TELLS

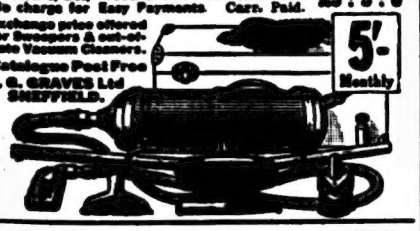
GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER of British make for A.C. or D.C. Mains, equal to more expensive machines, perfectly safe, warranted 2 years. Insulated ball bearing motor, handsomely covered body, bright parts chromium plated, rubber mounted hose, 18ft cable, 3 extension handles, swivel nozzle, sterilising and deodorising set, accessories for cleaning carpets, furniture, &c., Wood cabinet 24 x 12 x 10½ins. £5 : 5 : 0

No charge for Easy Payments. Carr. Paid.

Exchange price offered for Sweepers & out-of-date Vacuum Cleaners.

5/- Monthly



Catalogue Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd SHEFFIELD.

GET that SUTCLIFFE StoreSHED - NOW!

FROM MONTHLY 3/8

Design S.S. For Storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing felt included free. Floors extra. Small Store sheds from 24/-.

Delivered on first payment.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 pts.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 15 0 3/8
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£2 7 6 5/8
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 0 0 7/7
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 5 0 9/10

Send for free Catalogue. Garages 75/-, Greenhouses 55/-, Aviaries 45/-, Workshops 65/-, Poultry Cabins 35/-, Fencing 3/- per yd. Kennels 27/-. Sports Pavilions 65 4s., Summer Houses 42/6.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 22, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford Street, W.1

BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL

Shopkeepers & Manufacturers.

LOCAL trade is limited, so why not advertise in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and sell countrywide? Expert advice on suitability of goods and advertisements written by "John Bull's" mail order specialist—free, of course. Details without obligation. Write on business letterheading to:—The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 67/68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Finest 49/-, 56/-, & 63/- SUITS in the Trade. Easiest Terms at no extra charge. Complete range of actual Cloth Patterns for Business Suits, Sports Wear, Evening Clothes, Overcoats, Raincoats, etc. Perfect cut, style, and fit.

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN. State the kind of suit you are thinking about, and patterns cut from 68 different bales of newest suiting cloths now being made up, will be sent free. Worsteds, Serges, Tweeds, Cheviots, etc. We guarantee your Suit to be to your entire satisfaction. Please cut out this Advert. and pin to your letter for earliest attention.

7 Monthly Payments

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

Yours for 3d.

1939 Design of the specially constructed 'STREAMLINE' Shockproof Wrist Watch, regulated, tested and fully guaranteed to keep perfect time under severe conditions. Non-magnetic, damp-proof, dust-proof, unbreakable glass, Lever Movement, fitted in highly polished Chromium-plated case, with new built-in lugs to ensure snug fitting round the wrist. Complete with leather strap free. Plain or luminous dial. Send 3d. deposit and 3d. post and packing now; if satisfactory 1/6 after 7 days and 1/6 every 14 days until 14/6 is paid in all. Cash Price 12/6.

LADIES or GENTS model

Home Bargains List Free.

EDWARD BROS. (J.B.20.5), The Reliable Mail Order House, 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

RILEY'S BOWLS

120 PAIRS OF BOWLS FREE

The best Bowls you can buy. Supplied for Cash or Easy Terms. 5/- Down and Balance Monthly. Write to makers for details and Catalogue.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Dale Works, Accrington, or Dept. 32, 46/47, Rowgate Street, London, E.C.1.

THE Original ROT-PROOF CEDARWOOD

For beautiful buildings in genuine Western Red Cedar, come to the pioneers and experts. Sheds, garages, greenhouses, etc., which are everlasting and need no painting. From 25/- cash or 5/- down. 12 months to pay. Free delivery. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue to R. K. HALL & CO. (Kent), Ltd., 632, Paddock Wood, Kent.

GUARANTEED LEVER WATCH BINOCULARS - CAMERA - FILMS - PRINTING FRAME - PAPER

FREE TO ALL

Here is a bumper Holiday Kit free, yours for the very asking. This is no competition, but an advertising offer, to all who apply. Our "Electric Grind" 3-hole type Sheffield steel razor blades are the sharpest blade obtainable, sold in packets of 12 for 1/8. To induce you to try them we give the above three gifts of guaranteed quality—free to every purchaser of 3 packets of our blades, money back if not absolutely satisfied. Send 3/9 now for your parcel (which contains 36 Razor Blades, Watch, Binoculars, Camera, etc.), no more to pay. Extra films 3d. One order only accepted from each family.

C. DAVIES (Dept. J.F.B.1), Excel House, Whitcomb St., Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used — sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW 5/- P.O., Cheque or English Stamps to: Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. AS), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

Get out of that chair my lad!

(WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE WELL-KNOWN BUOYANT CHAIRS)

Get out of that chair my lad . . . . and turn the wireless down a bit, Father's trying to read.

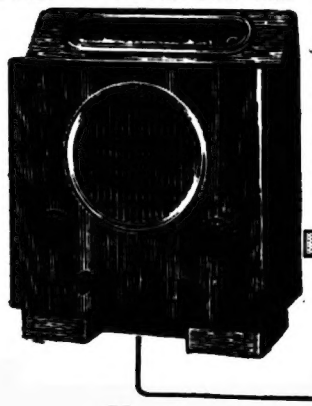
Get out of that chair my lad—and find something a bit more cheerful. This may be classical, but it's certainly gloomy.

Get out of that chair my lad—and turn the set up a bit, we can't hear what the man's talking about—

Surely anybody who is in temporary charge of a comfortable chair is entitled to demand, with some vigour, " Why have a chair at all if we've got to keep leaping out of it every ten minutes? Why not all sit on the floor round the wireless set so each of us can twiddle the knobs as he likes? " Why not? One good reason is that it's no longer necessary. Lounge in your easy chair and control the set by waggling your fingers about. Murphy Armchair Control is as easy as that!

E. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

ARMCHAIR CONTROL £3.10 Extra
PRESS BUTTON UNIT £1.15 Extra



72 ALL-WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL. This set has an exceptionally good all-round performance. New ABC scale, cathode ray indicator and 2-speed control make tuning simple. Quality of reproduction is really exciting. Variable selectivity enables you to enjoy high fidelity tone. Cabinet in polished walnut.

Cash Prices:
D.C./A.C. MODEL £12. 15. A.C. MODEL **£12. 10.**

Murphy Models which can be fitted with the new tuning are available at prices from £10. 5 to £32.

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE

Prices do not apply in Eire.

Choose your own way of tuning with

MURPHY
Radio

G.R.C. 38.

against a background of rugged splendour

laze on the beach of the

CAMBRIAN COAST

Beginning at Aberystwyth in the south and extending northward for 70 miles to Pwllheli, the Cambrian Coast comprises what is surely the most richly varied holiday playground in Britain. Each of its many modern resorts is the focal point for a score of fascinating excursions. Here are mighty peaks—reigned over by Snowdon itself; lovely valleys, including Festiniog; magnificent estuaries, amongst them the far-famed Barmouth; to say nothing of glorious sands and bathing beaches. Indeed, it is very certain that if you come to the Cambrian Coast this year, it will be the first of many memorable holidays!

BEFORE YOU GO

Two books you should buy:—"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1939, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.). "RAMBLES AROUND THE CAMBRIAN COAST" (Price 6d.).

HOW YOU GET THERE

Cheap "Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of this lovely Welsh district.

GWR

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1939.
33, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

Straight from the Shoulder

Holiday Pay and Pensions!

TWO headaches are descending on the brows of Cabinet Ministers. Two great social advancements refuse to be forgotten because of the pressure of international affairs.

They are holidays-with-pay and better old-age pensions.

About 7,750,000 people will get paid holidays this year, a million more than last year. But that's not too good, seeing that there are eighteen million people in employment.

Holidays—By Order

One of the major difficulties concerns depressed industries which cannot afford at present to grant paid holidays.

And, as the Government is pledged to make paid holidays compulsory if they are not obtained by voluntary agreement, the problem is not going to be easily solved.

Doubled Pensions

Equally awkward for the Cabinet is the old age pensioners' great campaign.

They expect to get a million signatures demanding £1 a week; petitions are being drawn up in every constituency, and every M.P. will be asked to present the demand from his constituency to the Government on an agreed date.

Mammoth Demand

One East London veteran has already filled seventy petition forms, each with fifty signatures; 50,000 names have been obtained in South Wales in a few weeks; Lancashire and Yorkshire people are also doing particularly well.

The National Old Age Pensioners' Association has every reason, therefore, to be satisfied with its progress.

The Cabinet has less reason to be complacent.

Even its own supporters think it must soon bow to popular demand.

Jingo Brigades

Mr. Chamberlain is angry because reactionary governors and headmasters of schools are swelling the wave of militarism by training fourteen-year-old boys in the use of Bren guns and other Service weapons.

And in rebuking them, we hope, he'll use unstatesmanlike language.

Roll of Honour

Members of the Cabinet are urging him to introduce a new King's Roll, with an emblem to be used on goods and stationery

(*Continued overleaf*)

German officials are drawing up a wild-cat plan to mobilise Jews of military age, who would be held as hostages in event of hostilities with Poland.

* * *

Hitler is worried by the problem of fuel for his air force, which will need 6,300,000 tons next year. Germany produces only 1,200,000 tons a year.

* * *

GERMAN SUBMARINE PARTS ARE BEING SENT TO ITALY TO BE ASSEMBLED THERE. BUT OUR ADMIRALTY IS NOT WORRIED BY GERMAN INTENTIONS TO BUILD 200 SUBMARINES WITHIN A YEAR.

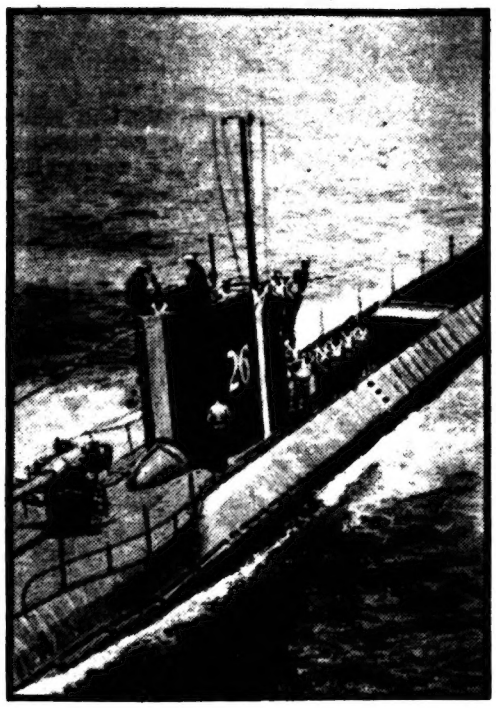
* * *

Our anti-submarine weapons are known to be so effective that they are the object of the greatest spy campaign ever known in peace time.

* * *

All children of 13 and 14 in Germany have been ordered to undergo A.R.P. training. But equipment, particularly gas masks, is of very poor quality.

* * *



Our Admiralty doesn't fear them!

Britain's aircraft production is now greater than that of any other country.

* * *

Yet it takes 84,000 man hours to produce a big R.A.F. bomber—equivalent to more than 30 years of a man's working life. Many such machines are actually being completed each week.

* * *

French 'plane construction, also, is far ahead of schedule.

* * *

Most likely date on which all twenty-year-olds must register for the Militia is Saturday, June 3.

* * *

A General Election between October 29 and the second week in November is the present plan of the Government.

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BREWERS ARE PREPARING FOR AN EXTRA PENNY A PINT TAX ON BEER IN THE SECOND BUDGET, TO BE BROUGHT IN THIS AUTUMN.

* * *

VON RIBBENTROP WANTS TO OVERTHROW THE LISBON GOVERNMENT AND REPLACE IT BY ONE WHICH WOULD UNITE PORTUGAL WITH SPAIN. BUT HE'S NOT LIKELY TO SUCCEED.

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Though a keen Anglo-Catholic, Lord Halifax was not disposed to endorse the Pope's offer of peace negotiations. He thinks there has been too much "amateur diplomacy."

* * *

Miram Verne, brunette dancer whom Hitler has seen nine times in the "Merry Widow" recently, has complained that she can only get a third of her salary out of Germany. Hitler has promised to relax exchange control in her case.

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Friendlier relations with Britain are still the hope of the German Government, which feels that Britain must be kept out of any war in which Germany might become engaged.

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Franco's Italian advisers are furious because France is keeping and paying for anti-tank guns brought over the frontier by Spanish Government troops. But Franco is glad of the money.

* * *

SEVEN ENGLISHMEN DOING SECRET WORK FOR A NAZI ORGANISATION HAVE BEEN MARKED DOWN BY THE SPECIAL BRANCH OF SCOTLAND YARD.

£200,000,000 instalment of the Defence Loan, to pay for aircraft and munitions, will soon be issued.

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Influential M.P.s are combining to challenge price-fixing organisations which dominate flour, sugar, cement, steel and other industries.

* * *

One West Country firm has given three months' notice to all workers of conscript age.

* * *

Mines Department has been ordered to douse the ever-burning fires on colliery slag-heaps, which blackout tests have proved to provide a fiery map of industrial regions.

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Government experts have discovered that the cost of keeping people in institutions is twice the figure hitherto accepted. Borstal detention alone amounts to £140 yearly per inmate.

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THE HEALTH MINISTER IS PERSONALLY DIRECTING AN INVESTIGATION OF MASS COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF PANEL DOCTORS' SURGERIES.

* * *

Stern rebuke is to be given from Whitehall to public hospital matrons who ordain that sick nurses cannot receive visitors in the sick-room as patients do in the wards.

* * *

Official action is coming against coalowners who evade liability under the Miners' Welfare Scheme. Thousands of disabled pit workers are refused convalescent and other benefits because of this selfishness.

? Conciliation — or — Intimidation ?

DR. L. P. JACKS: "Aggressors of the kind that have lately arisen are not easily intimidated, and any attempt to intimidate them immediately provokes what one can only call an intimidation race."

LORD RUSHCLIFFE: "All these outstanding questions between ourselves and Germany . . . appear to be capable of settlement, and if discussed on both sides by those in a position to arrive at decisions, actuated by a mutual desire to reach agreement, the position can surely be satisfactorily adjusted."

Major-General SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS: "The danger, as I see it, is that overflowing patriotism may stimulate a greater desire to fight than to explore the possibilities of discussion and peace."

LORD ELTON: "Would not a comprehensive agreement which included supervised disarmament be greeted with unspeakable relief by nine households out of ten in every civilised country in the world?"

Mr. CHARLES RODEN BUXTON: "It is one of the worst symptoms of war hysteria when people say of every utterance on the other side of the gulf, 'It is a trick,' 'It is all lies.' The gulf widens, fatalism increases, the wildest rumours are credited, inflammable material piles up."

Choose Your Peace Views

VIEWS on Britain's best foreign policy have gradually settled into two main divisions.

On the one hand, led by many of the country's great men, are those who say it is useless to try further negotiation with the Dictators. Only powerful military alliances between the peace-loving countries can prevent fresh aggression.

Against them, again led by many notable names, are those who believe it still possible that negotiation can bring about a general European settlement. We must not give up, they say, merely because the road is difficult.

In JOHN BULL for many weeks you have been reading the views of this journal and its famous contributors.

Now we give you the recently expressed views of some of the leaders of the conflicting policies. On the left—Conciliation. On the right—Intimidation.

Choose *your* peace views!

The PRIME MINISTER: "There is only one danger of war in Europe. And that is that the impression should get about that Great Britain and France are not in earnest and cannot be relied upon to carry out their pledges. If that were so, no greater, no more deadly mistake could be made."

Rt. Hon. A. DUFF COOPER: "There is one way to prevent war—and one only—the formation of binding military alliances with all those countries who desire peace."

LORD ASTOR: "To-day any attempt to make concessions to Herr Hitler, unless accompanied by all-round (including Germany) disarmament, would be bitterly resented by a vast majority. . . . A policy of unilateral appeasement is seized upon by Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machinery to convince doubting Germans that we do not mean business and that we will yield to squeeze."

LORD CRANBORNE: "There is to-day, surely, only one way of postponing and possibly averting a general conflict. It is to make it clear to the authoritarian States, by intensive rearmament and by closer linking together of threatened nations, that force cannot benefit him who uses it."

Continuing "Straight from the Shoulder"

Drastic A.R.P. Plans Coming
Truth About Air Record

by firms which allow workers time off for military or defence training, and which guarantee not to prejudice their employment or promotion.

Nine Months Late

Sir John Anderson has taken courage. At last he means to announce complete evacuation plans—so drastic that fear of provoking panic has delayed publication.

But he's made no headway in preparing the areas marked out for receiving the evacuated population.

Not even towards ensuring water supply or drainage services, for which local authorities rightly refuse to bear any part of the cost.

Challenge

Not much longer can Sir John escape giving a verdict on the position of men whose jobs are jeopardised by joining civil defence services.

He will be challenged on a test case—that of Mr. C. R. Clarke, of Eastern Avenue, Romford, who has been sacked after nine years with a firm because his fire brigade training made it impossible for him to work overtime.

Costing You More

Life assurance is to cost more.

Already increased premiums are required from members of the Regular fighting forces, though at the moment insurances on Territorials will be accepted without extra charge.

For civilian insurances, a war risk safeguard—varying according to circumstances—will be imposed on new family protection policies, which pay a capital sum and a fixed weekly amount to the dependants of an insured person on his death.

Enter Herr Bohle

Herr Bohle, London-born leader of the Foreign German Organisation, hopes to slip into London this month.

He is very worried by the blows struck to his British organisation by the expulsion of its key-men; is coming to survey the position before appointing new chiefs.

In Exile

Following Dr. Benes' announcement that he would lead a Czech government in exile, Germany's emigrés plan to form an exile government of their own.

Its aim would be to show the world that the alternative to Nazism would not be Bolshevism. The president would be Thomas Mann, the great writer, or Dr. Wirth, one-time Chancellor of Germany.

Making Friends

All's quiet on the international sport front—despite the panicky idiots who think it "unwise" for our sportsmen to accept foreign fixtures just now.

British footballers will play in Belgrade and Bucharest during the next few days. The F.A. team was given a wonderful welcome by the crowds when it arrived in Milan for last Saturday's match with Italy.

Mussolini, indeed, is giving Whitehall a lesson in good sense.

Duce is Pleased

Our Army Council refused to finance the British team of crack officers taking part in the Rome Horse Show. The cost is being met, instead, by private sportsmen.

This gesture has so pleased Il Duce that he's sending an Italian jumping team to the International Horse Show, which opens in London next month—the first time for many years that Italian cavalry officers have been seen here.

Sand in the Works

Sabotage, the bogy of Stalin, is now haunting Hitler.

Since we told you last week that Dr. Ley, head of the German Labour Front, was in disfavour for failing to stop industrial unrest, conditions have grown suddenly serious.

In one factory after another, workmen are cutting production. Many of those due to work last Sunday failed to turn up.

Nation of Crocks?

Meanwhile, the campaign to ridicule British conscription goes on. The German public is told by the Press that 60 per cent. of our twenty-year-olds are unfit for military service.

The rest, according to the Ministry of Propaganda, are either conscientious objectors or men in reserved occupations. So British conscription is not only entirely useless but dangerous, since it leads Britain to believe itself better protected than ever before!

World Record

However, we mustn't smile too broadly at such soothing syrup. We have our own patriots who ladle out anti-foreign nonsense.

They tell us that the flight of a German army aeroplane at 469 miles an hour—a world record—was a fake. But the machine really did achieve that incredible speed, and the record will be officially recognised.

There was never any pretence by Germany that the machine was a standard bomber. It was, as you might suppose, a racing machine.

Saved Hundreds

Sir Wyndham Childs, chief of our Investigation Department, dealt with the military side of the problem of conscientious objectors during the Great War.

He saved hundreds from brutal treatment at the hands of thoughtless people.

From his great experience, he writes, now that the problem again confronts the nation:

Respect

"As a soldier, I am against all exemption from military service except on strictly religious grounds. But even though I regard most objectors as muddled thinkers, I respect their sincerity.

"Most of those I dealt with were quite prepared to lose their own lives, but would not assist in killing others.

White Feathers

"That is why I welcome the Government's assurance that conscientious objectors to-day will be treated with fairness and without persecution.

"And that is why I have less patience with those who jeer at objectors than I have with their victims. The giver of white feathers is more lacking in balance than the receiver."

JOHN BULL readers agree with Sir Wyndham—page 8.

British cavalry officers have pleased Il Duce!

Health Services, Social Reforms, Human Welfare Generally—All Are Being

SACRIFICED to MARS

● Six-year-old Gwen Duncan had a severe operation on her throat. Hospital doctors said she could not get back full health without a course of "sun-ray" treatment.

The sick child has been turned away from the institution where it was to be given. There were no carbons for the lamps. Rearmament, they told the puzzled little girl, was the cause of the scarcity.

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● Mr. Graham Mudie, a City of London accountant, required a few feet of extra flex attached to his telephone. He has waited two months, and is still without it. There is no material to spare. Rearmament.

* * *

● A brand-new council dwelling is available in West Lancashire for Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Furness, who now live with their six children in an overcrowded slum.

Like many other families for whom homes have been built, they cannot move in. Because of rearmament, deliveries of lighting and heating equipment have been held up.

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● In a district near Hull a man has died on the hospital operating table. Proper gas and oxygen apparatus was not available to save him.

It would have cost much less than £100, but the authorities have refused to buy the equipment. Their view is that it would be extravagance at a time when A.R.P. and civil defence are costing so much.

* * *

THESE happenings may seem small by themselves. They are, however, samples of a vast-scale disturbance of ordinary life caused by the diversion of the nation's resources to war preparations.

Disorganisation, stifling of enterprise, shortage of supplies for everyday needs, slashing of expenditure for humane and essential services, mounting costs—all these have to be added now to the price of defence.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer speaks of rearmament in money terms—£2,000,000 a day already—he does not include the cost of the dislocation and damage with which the people are confronted in their workaday and private lives.

Without Fear or Favour

And worse is to come, say the experts who advise the Government on industrial, business and social affairs.

IF THE LEGISLATURE DOES NOT GET TO GRIPS WITH THE PROBLEM QUICKLY, THEY FORECAST, THERE MAY BE CHAOS BEFORE THE SUMMER IS FAR ADVANCED.

The tragedy of it all is that most of the confusion, scarcity and apparent need for economy has been created by inefficiency, and could be brought to an end in a week or two under better and more orderly management.

Without undue strain, Great Britain's industrial system is providing the Services and the civil defence authorities with everything they demand. If wanted, supplies could be forthcoming in many times the present great quantities. Man power, factories and the money to buy are all available in abundance.

The only reasons, then, for scarcity and high prices are waste and the absence of supervision.

In Whitehall, the competition between the Departments to monopolise supplies at the expense of one another—and of the community—has become insensate.

Do you realise, for instance, that through a labyrinth system of committees, there are now within 300 yards of the Houses of Parliament no fewer than ninety different bodies with 27,000 persons engaged in buying for their own separate interests?

There is no central control whatever. Each of these bodies is intensely jealous of its independence, and resists with scorn every attempt to co-ordinate their activities so that the Services may be equipped without unnecessary disturbance of the normal flow of national life.

Examine a few of the consequences.

Most serious of them so far is that, all over the land, town and county councils are being compelled, against their will, to abandon or postpone indefinitely most of their major plans for the improvement of public and social services.

EVERYWHERE they are jettisoning such projects as those for the building or reconstruction of hospitals, poor law institutions, clinics, housing estates, schools, recreation grounds, roads and bridges.

If orders were placed, contractors could not guarantee progress with the work because of the absence of any system for apportioning supplies of material on a national basis.

In any case, owing to the fantastic prices being offered by sectional Government buyers trying to "corner" output for their own Departments, it has become well-nigh impossible for public bodies to compete in the race of rising costs.

Suddenly, for example, the price of building a modest council house has jumped from £293 to £370. Almost everywhere, therefore, the brake has been put on.

A quarter-of-a-million old age pensioners had been promised new small homes this year at a rent of about half-a-crown a week.

They are still cottages in the air. Because a survey has shown that it would now cost 9s. 9d. to provide each foot of living space instead of 8s. 2d. as estimated when the plans were recently made.

EVEN THE EXISTING PUBLIC SERVICES ARE BEING NEGLECTED AND ARE DETERIORATING . . . ESPECIALLY IN THE DISTRICTS WHICH WOULD BE MOST EXPOSED TO AIR ATTACK.

Municipal staffs have been taken from their own departments to assist in A.R.P. and defence schemes. Their ordinary duties and responsibilities have been shelved.

IN the rest of the country there are sufficient trained executives who could be spared to take their places temporarily. But, just as with the supply of material, the Government stubbornly refuses to countenance any systematic planning.

What greater folly could there be, for instance, than the fact that only one in every seven of the steel air-raid shelters already produced has been put in position in the danger zones?

Just because, while one-and-three-quarter million people are workless, labour is not available wherever it is most needed!

Through all this blundering, stupidity and want of control you are unnecessarily paying double tribute to Mars—in taxation and in the sacrifice of the amenities and safeguards of peace-time existence.

Because the arms drive has caused a shortage of carbons, ailing children are denied sun-ray treatment

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Are Conscientious Objectors Cowards—or the World's Sanest People?

CERTAIN words such as "encirclement" and "aggression" are irritants of a dangerous kind in these perilous days.

It was good advice to the world not to use them.

But I add: Don't use terms of contempt, such as "conchy."

Whatever your views for or against conscription, if the State has given men the right to refuse military service where their consciences tell them it is wrong, and certain men honestly avail themselves of that right, others have no right to sneer.—M. F., Queen's Drive, Acton, W.3.

* * *

In my department we have a boy who has a conscientious objection to taking a fighting part in any war, and intends to tell any tribunal he has to face.

But he will inform them, also, that they can call on him to do any work they choose, no matter how dangerous, as long as it is protective and not aggressive. He will risk his life in a laboratory if necessary.

Who can call such conscientious objectors as that cowards?—D. H., Sheffield.

* * *

I read that many students intend to refuse service in the Army on the grounds of their conscientious objection to killing.

Some, who are accepting Board of Education grants in order to continue their education, decline to help their country in any capacity whatsoever should an emergency arise.

Very well, let the country refuse to help them. Stop their education grants. Devote the money to rehabilitating in civilian life the lads who go to their militia duty with a smile.—H. E. Wilson, Byway Road, Leicester.

* * *

There is so much emotional patriotism about nowadays that people forget the conscientious objector has got reason on his side.

Duty to the State is not enough. Natural law overrides politics, and natural law forbids murder.

Therefore, I shall not fight. If the alternative, at its worst, is spending the rest of our lives under German rule, I shall accept it.—P. N., Blackburn, Lancs.

* * *

It is one of the privileges of citizenship in this wonderful little island that the man with a conscientious objection to taking part in war need not do so.

But let such a citizen remember that it is a privilege he wouldn't get elsewhere.

I write that reminder because there are many conscientious objectors among the bitterest critics of this country.—Mrs. T., Guisbrough, Yorks.

Dearest Wish

Children aged eleven and twelve at our local school were asked to write down their three dearest wishes.

Every child wrote down his or her wish for Peace, which is astounding when you realise how often children are blind to important things.

Perhaps we grown-ups who enjoyed a carefree childhood fail to realise how war-fear is searing the hearts of our youngsters.—Mrs. B. B., Princess Street, Huddersfield.

Psychologists confirm that children are suffering under the strain of events, urge parents to speak of international affairs as optimistically as they can.

Foreign is Best!

Last week a Swedish sailor got into conversation with me (an Irishman) and my pal (a Welshman). Judge of our surprise when he spoke to us both fluently in our own languages, which we can speak only haltingly, and when he proceeded to beat us hands down at King's English.—I. Hegarty, Ardnalee Lodge, Montenotte, Cork, Eire.

Smallest rural schools in Sweden teach at least two languages. The higher grade the school, the more languages it teaches, although we imagine that that sailor didn't learn Gaelic tongues at any ordinary school.

Fair Play for Objectors

Not Cricket

On making application to join a local unit of the Auxiliary Air Force, one is asked to sign a form including these two questions:

Are you musical?

Are you a member of the local golf club?

What the deuce have *they* got to do with it?—W. F. Clark, 32, Falkland Street, Middlesbrough.

It was ever thus. Writer of this footnote was put on headquarters staff in France during last war in belief that he could play cricket; was rushed into line when he got a "duck."

Official Ramp

Surely one of the Government's worst rackets is the examination fee system for Civil Service situations.

One was held at Glasgow recently, when 110 would-be sorting clerks and telegraphists paid 10s. each examination fee. One candidate got a job.

Better the exam. for the clerical class, when 1,000 out of 5,000 received jobs—but the 10s. fee system is iniquitous nevertheless.—George Hair, Dunchurch Road, Oldhall, Paisley.

We would scrap nine-tenths of this country's thousands of exams. A reader whose daughter attended a business college for three years paid for her to go through 47 of them. One certificate only was of any value. In some cases, certain doubtful societies live on the proceeds of these fees.

Half-and-Half

I live on the Mottingham Estate of the L.C.C., one-half of which is a neutral area for evacuation and one-half not. My half is not, so there is no A.R.P. shelter for us.

Yet we are 1½ miles nearer to Woolwich Arsenal than the L.C.C.'s Downham Estate, which is listed as a dangerous area. Can you work it all out for me?—Charles Hewlett, Offenham Road, Mottingham, S.E.9.

This reader's postscript adds: "Have just ascertained from Local Authority that I shall have to pay rates for the shelter I shan't have."

Whitehall Winks

Living in a receiving area for evacuated children, I have been told I should be able to put up four youngsters—which I would be proud and happy to do.

But the point arises that the Government wants us all to store food for a fortnight, which will not be easy for my husband and myself and our own four children on a working man's wage.

What provision, therefore, can we make for the little guests that might be sent to us? The Government ought to do something about that.—Gwendolen Stoneman, Trevillis, Liskeard, Cornwall.

It ought—but it hasn't yet. Evacuated children would carry little more than iron rations.

Robbing Farms

At one time last year my father, a farmer, couldn't obtain a single farm-hand.

Now, by adapting conscription to farm workers, the Government is going to make the labour shortage worse.

Worst point is that these country boys will meet town workers and be won from the land.

And now for the master-stroke. The Government initiates a new scheme to increase the utility of the land which will call for many thousands more farm workers!—J. W. Hansford, Buckett's Farm, Whitchurch, Canonicorum, Bridport, Dorset.

Branches of the Farmers' Union report that some farms will have to close down. Typical is case of Oxford estate which will lose 11 tractor-drivers to the Army.

● Readers' Pictures

On the lonely moorland road between Reeth, in Yorks, and Brough, in Westmorland, at a height of 1,727 feet, I found Tan Hill Inn, highest and loneliest licensed house in England. It is isolated from the world by snow and blizzards for days at a time every winter.—J. D. R., Langholm Crescent, Darlington.

Keen on A.R.P., and full of enthusiasm for steel shelters, the gardener didn't dare to turn the robins out. He bought a new watering-can out of his own money.—A. T. Hornsall, 25, Warwick Road, London, E.12.

Will was First

Shakespeare anticipated your popular literary competition in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act III, Scene III, where you will read:

"Shall quips and sentences and these paper *bullets* of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?"—R. A. H. Goodyear, Wintergleam, Wheatcroft, Scarborough.

Not So Easy

It seems to me that the parson of to-day looks on church life as a means of living like a gentleman, instead of treating it as a hard job with few rewards.

If the ministry were open to young men like myself—eighteen years old, without money or influence—we would soon make things different. But what chance do we stand?—Donald Oakley, Pound Lane, Hanwood, Shrewsbury.

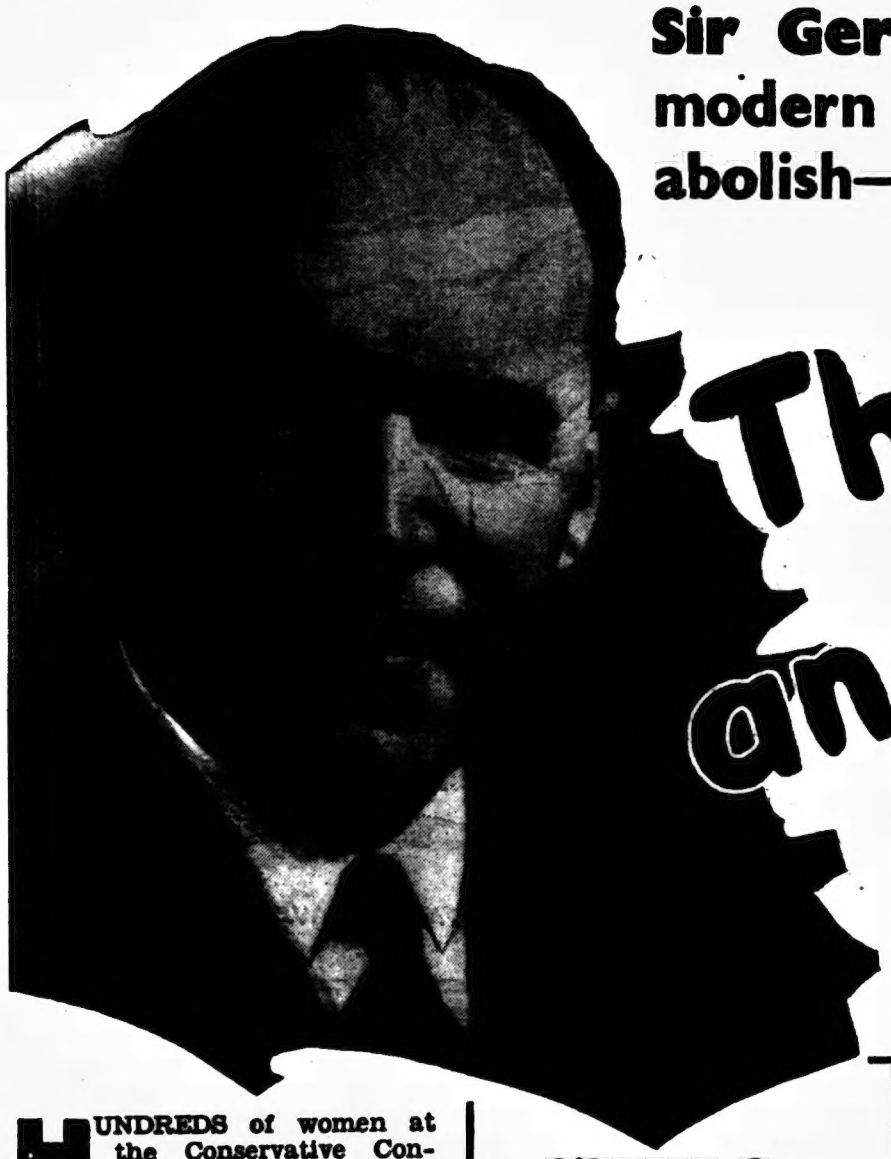
Donald has heard about a few high stipends and easy livings. Apparently he has yet to hear of those clergy who have little leisure and even less money. Still, boys of eighteen without money have become ministers, and we would like Donald to get his chance. Perhaps some hard-working clergyman will advise him.

● *We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C., attacks modern barbarism, says we should abolish—

The ROPE and the CAT



HUNDREDS of women at the Conservative Conference in London declared last week that flogging must not be abolished.

When speakers suggested that the "cat" was brutal, the audience jeered them off the platform.

Were those women right?

Less than two hundred years ago it might truly have been said that the Criminal Law of England was written in blood.

In those days there were more than 100 offences punishable with death. And there were many others for which transportation for life, the "cat," the pillory and the hulks were considered the only appropriate penalties.

Even children did not escape. In 1832 a child of ten stole a small article from a shop on Ludgate Hill and was solemnly tried at the Old Bailey and hanged.

Seventy years ago a Metropolitan Magistrate sentenced a boy of five to six months' imprisonment for stealing a bun. The child served fourteen days before Lord Brougham raised the matter in the House of Lords.

After some discussion and with much hesitation, it was decided that the punishment was perhaps excessive and he was released.

How different is the situation to-day, with our Juvenile Courts, "Borstal" system, Home Office Schools and Training Centres. In the present Criminal Justice Bill imprisonment is abolished altogether for any young person under the age of sixteen.

Judges and magistrates are now animated by a more humane spirit and ever-increasing leniency is the keynote of criminal administration.

SOME years ago, when sitting as Recorder of Sandwich, I had before me a man of sixty charged with larceny, and it was stated in evidence that he had spent over forty years of his life in prison.

When in his 'teens he had committed a small theft for which nowadays he would probably have been placed on probation. He received a sentence of ten years' penal servitude.

On coming out he was very soon in trouble again, and this time he got seven years' penal servitude.

Before he was forty he had thus had seventeen years in prison. Could any better method be imagined of manufacturing criminals?

EVEN AS A DETERRENT, WHICH WAS THEIR SOLE JUSTIFICATION, THE OLD PUNISHMENTS PROVED A COMPLETE FAILURE.

NEVERTHELESS, there are two forms of penalty which have survived from the Middle Ages and are still the subject of acute controversy —the death sentence and flogging.

In 1929 I was a member of the House of Commons Committee which investigated the whole problem of capital punishment and made an exhaustive enquiry. Unfortunately, a General Election intervened and we were unable to arrive at a final conclusion.

The question of flogging has recently been discussed at great length by another Committee of the House, and Sir Samuel Hoare's proposal to abolish it, except for grave prison offences—an illogical but perhaps necessary exception —was carried by a substantial majority.

But what are the arguments by which it is sought to retain these "relics of barbarism"?

No longer does anyone suggest that the law should regard itself merely as an instrument of public vengeance.

Those who want to retain hanging and flogging say the punishments have deterrent value.

They believe, no doubt with entire sincerity, that if these terrible penalties were abolished an increase in crime would inevitably follow.

If this were so, the case for retention would be almost unanswerable.

But surely the burden of proof must rest on those who oppose the abolition of penalties brutalising in their effects, not merely on those who suffer them, but what is equally important, on those who have to carry them out.

To-day there are four crimes for which the death penalty can be imposed; murder, treason, piracy, and setting fire to the King's ships or arsenals.

In practice the death sentence is not carried out in the last two cases, and even in that of treason, except in time of war, it is usually commuted.

So it is only murder that needs to be considered.

Little is to be gained by quoting statistics. We know the number of people who have committed murder and been hanged for it, but we can never know the number of those who have been deterred from murder by the thought of its dread consequences.

My own opinion, for what it is worth, is that capital punishment might safely be abolished, at all events for an experimental period.

If there were any reason to believe in the future that the tendency towards murder or violence was increasing, then the death sentence could be reimposed. But I do not believe this would be the case.

With regard to flogging, much the same arguments apply.

A flogging by the cat-o'-nine-tails is the nearest approach to torture that still remains in our criminal code.

It leaves permanent weals on the flesh, and the danger to life is so great that a doctor has to be present and watch the effect of every stroke.

If the cat is needed for the protection of society and is the only effective deterrent, then there are other forms of torture, such as the rack and the thumbscrew, which might prove even more valuable.

But I am entirely unconvinced that fifteen or twenty strokes of the cat, administered in private, possess a greater deterrent force than ten or twenty years' penal servitude.

IF, on the other hand, punishment is to be regarded as purely retributive, then I agree that for certain crimes of brutality nothing is too severe.

One great objection, however, to corporal punishment is its disproportionate inequality of effect.

A prison governor once told me of three men, flogged on the same morning, who were asked by a warder after it was over for their opinions.

One said he would rather die than have another "bashing." The second said he would take it again for a quart of beer. And the third said he would prefer it to a month's hard labour.

I heard of another man who was sentenced to be flogged, and the strokes were stoutly laid on by a warder with somewhat long hair.

At the end, when the man was unstrapped, he turned to the warder and nonchalantly remarked, "Well, sonny, you've done a good morning's work, ain't you? Now go and get your bloody hair cut."

Others, however, have almost gone mad at the thought of such punishment.

But let it be remembered that no punishment serves the public interest, even from the point of view of deterrency, if it outrages the moral sense of the community.

If corporal punishment could be witnessed by the M.P.s who advocate its retention, or even by the judges who order it from the Bench, I am inclined to believe it would disappear from our penal code without much delay.

A strange fact which emerged from the recent House of Commons debates is that women are among the most outspoken and irreconcilable supporters of both capital punishment and flogging.

PSYCHOLOGISTS may be able to explain this, but history affords many proofs that, except in the case of those nearest and dearest to them, women have often shown themselves less merciful, more vindictive, and even more sadistic than the so-called stronger sex.

Finally, the trump card of the opponents of abolition is the opinion of the judges. Such expressions of view as we have recently had from the Lord Chief Justice and some of his judicial brethren are naturally deserving of the utmost respect.

But it must not be forgotten that the judges have, on many occasions, bitterly opposed ameliorations of the criminal law which are now accepted by all as both merciful and just.

For example, in 1810 Lord Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice of his day, supported by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon, strongly denounced in the House of Lords the proposed abolition of the death sentence for stealing.

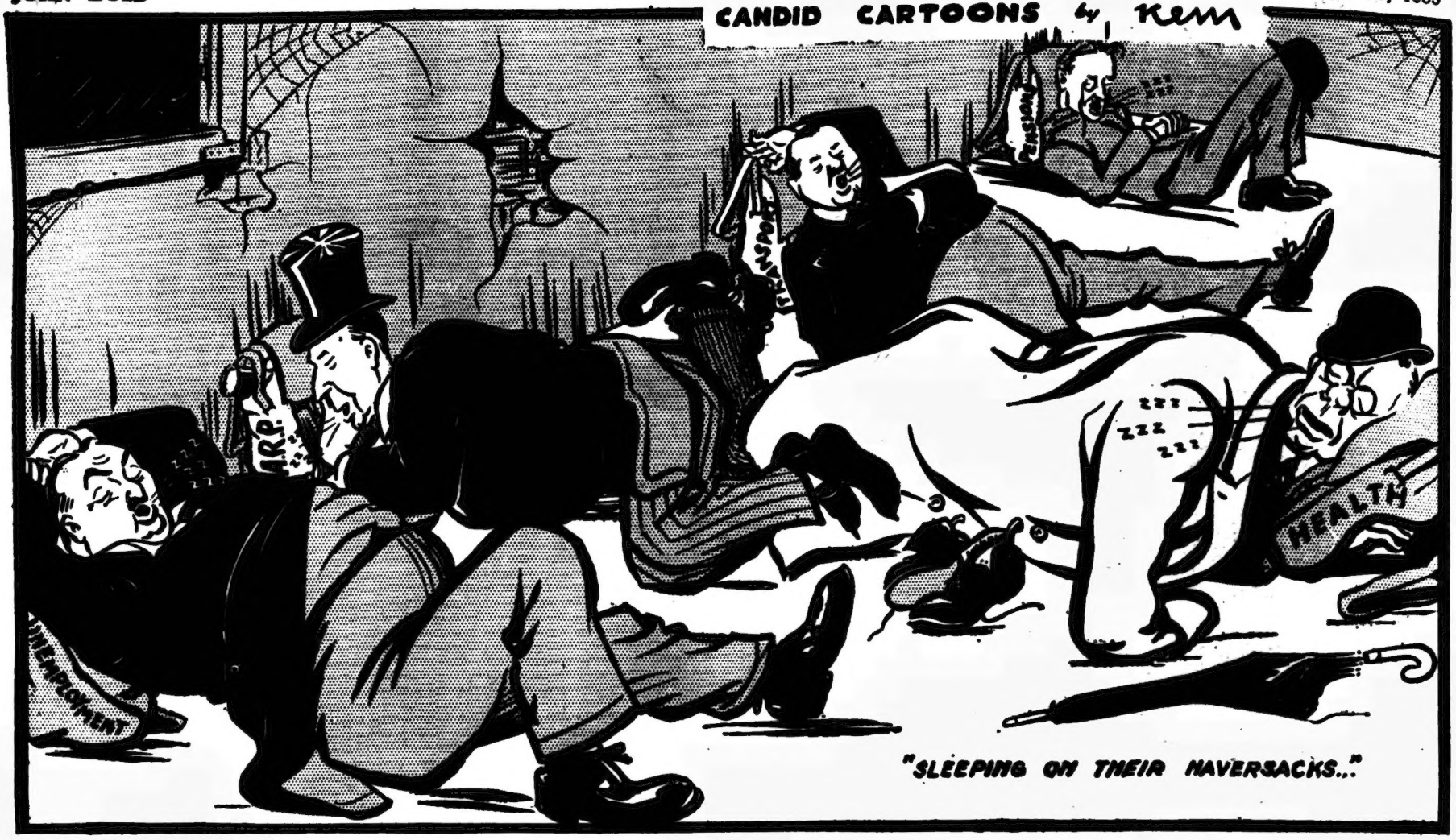
"The learned judges," he said, "are unanimously agreed that the expediency of justice and the public safety require the retention of this form of punishment."

When public executions were abolished Sir William Scott protested that "the age is running mad with innovation; men are even to be hanged in a new way. People object that the old method drew a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. It is needed as a deterrent; otherwise they do not answer their purpose."

Public sentiment and a common feeling of humanity are often a safer guide in such matters than the weight of even the highest and most respected judicial opinion.

Silence for his Worship-3

Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C., 54-years-old Metropolitan Magistrate, surveys present-day law for the layman.



OPEN LETTERS

Lord HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice

MY LORD,—A trader says he has had his fine business ruined and been hauled into the bankruptcy court because he was two days late in sending his cheques to one of the State marketing boards.

He offered cash payment and security of £200, but the board would not relent.

Why do I bring this astonishing incident to your notice? Because for years you tilted against the soulless bureaucracy that puts itself above law and Parliament.

And because, I respectfully suggest, there is need for you and your fellow judges to insist that no longer shall justice be prostituted by Civil Servants against whose decisions there is no appeal.—JOHN BULL.

Dowager Lady SWAYTHLING,
London

DEAR MADAM,—Undoubtedly, fewer homes would be broken up "if there were splendid cooking there."

And undoubtedly there'd be more splendid cooking if more people could afford to buy splendid food.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY MANDER, M.P.,
Barton Street, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. MANDER,—Comforting to know that certain M.P.s are still human and not, as I am sometimes tempted to believe, mere lay figures.

They guffawed at your ironic Bill to conscript wealth.

But it should not remain just a leg-pull. Official assurances that riches as well as men would be commandeered in time of war are too vague to convince a public which remembers how private fortunes were swollen in the last war.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN ANDERSON,
Not in the Cabinet

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I sympathise with you. It must be galling to be mistaken for your namesake, the Lord Privy Seal, and blamed for all the A.R.P. muddle.

Latest example of his organisation is that steel shelters made in the North are sent to London for distribution, while those made in the South are sent North.

The indignant critics who ring up your house at midnight will probably make this a fresh but erroneous complaint against you.

I see only one remedy, short of changing your name. You must retire to a far-away island where both your namesake and A.R.P. are unknown and unwanted. I know lots of people who'd volunteer to mitigate your loneliness there!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS

DEAR DOCTOR,—They say you are in Herr Hitler's disfavour just now. I fear you may incur his actual dislike unless you improve the German propaganda broadcasts to Britain.

Of course, we like them. They make us laugh. But that is hardly their object, is it?

One I heard the other night would have excited the derision of a peahen.

It sought to deprecate our Empire by quoting what Gladstone said in 1884, a poem which appeared during the Boer War, and a statement made in the eighties by the "father of the present Prime Minister."

Now, doctor, you may know what sort of dope to dole out to Arabs and Hottentots. But evidently your celebrated brain doesn't understand British psychology.

So take my advice and give us radio "news" a little less egregious and bewhiskered.

Tell us the German viewpoint. It will hurt none of us to know what the other fellow wants—and this goes for your people, too.

But remember that what Gladstone said in '84 is one of the stalest chestnuts in our comedians' armoury.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—While R.A.F. pilots are not allowed to fly without parachutes, Civil Air Guards are not provided with them and cannot hire them.

Surely you don't consider that the lives of National Service volunteers are of no consequence?—JOHN BULL.

Miss H. M. JOHNS,
Tyneside Social Service Council

DEAR MADAM,—You will not cause surprise by revealing that, in Newcastle, tubercular patients share a bed with as many as three other persons, and cannot obtain the fresh milk and fruit which they imperatively need.

Such conditions exist in many parts of the country. Local medical officers frequently protest against them—and are ignored.

Hence my bitter contempt for the complacent officialdom which bids us believe that everything possible is being done to check the ravages of the White Plague.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Holywell, Flintshire

GENTLEMEN,—Fresh reminder of the widespread ambulance scandal comes from your district.

A young woman was seriously injured in a car smash. An antiquated car was brought from a garage to remove her—no ambulance, not even a stretcher!

With difficulty, the police got her into the car and splints were improvised for her broken legs, but she died later.

I expect you to make the most searching enquiry into the shameful lack of equipment.—JOHN BULL.

Sir S. P. VIVIAN,
Registrar-General

DEAR SIR,—Census enumerators are being signed on; the pay is £5 for two days' work.

But the unemployed, even those with long clerical experience, are not wanted. They are not considered "dependable."

Which makes me want to increase the unemployment figures by one—the man responsible for that ruling.—JOHN BULL.

Lord ADDISON,
Land Expert

MY LORD,—You are right. More than ever before, it's important that men who grow their own food should be free from the fear of sudden eviction.

Yet, week after week, they are being hounded out of their allotments. Now West Ham has given 101 of them notice to quit.

Security of tenure is a dry legal phrase. It should be made a comforting safeguard for those who help not only their own families but the whole nation by growing two rows of potatoes where none grew before.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Wimbledon, Surrey

YOUR WORSHIPS,—Rule-of-thumb justice is always a prolific cause of injustice.

You have fined single cycling offenders double the amount levied on married cyclists. But supposing the unmarried men were keeping a widowed mother and younger brothers or sisters? Would not the doubled fine defeat your object?—JOHN BULL.

"Public opinion is the most potent armament of a nation, and in the end it prevails"

By A. G. Gardiner

YOU ARE PUBLIC OPINION!

REPLYING to a question by Mr. Boothby in the House of Commons a few days ago, Mr. Chamberlain made a remark which must have arrested many minds, as it did mine.

The question was whether the Government were not aware of the strong public opinion in this country in favour of a pact with Russia.

"I am not aware," said Mr. Chamberlain, "that the public of this country has had any opportunity of expressing an opinion" on the subject.

The reply recalls a somewhat similar remark which Mr. Baldwin made when he filled the position now occupied by Mr. Chamberlain.

"It takes two years," he said, "to find out what public opinion is on any subject."

These statements, taken at their face value, would seem to reduce popular government to a fiction in a time of emergency such as that through which we are passing.

Every day, almost every hour, the whole landscape of events changes, and every change calls for decisive action.

If the public, as Mr. Chamberlain suggests, has no mechanism for declaring its will, or, as Mr. Baldwin said, takes two years to make up its mind, it obviously cannot function in the hour of crisis.

YOU cannot hold an election or a referendum in the midst of a battle.

You cannot leave the question of strategy to a public meeting of the troops.

If you do, the battle will be over before it is begun.

Does this mean that representative government is fatally handicapped in conflict with dictatorial government?

I do not think so.

In the short run it is handicapped. In the long run it most certainly is not. It is slower in getting away from the mark; but, once in its stride, the driving power of public opinion is cumulative and decisive.

IT IS THIS FACT OF THE ULTIMATE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION WHICH HAUNTS THE DICTATORS AND MAKES THEM GAMBLE ON THE SUDDEN BLOW.

However lumbering the Parliamentary machine may be in getting into action, it carries the consent of the nation with it, and that consent is the final arbiter of victory.

In obliterating public opinion in Germany Hitler has gained instancy of action at the sacrifice of moral strength.

He has cut himself off from his moral power-house.

He is at war with half his own people and can never look for a united nation.

He has not suppressed public opinion. He has only driven it underground.

His country is honeycombed with fierce resentment against his tyranny that will, I believe, be fatal to him should he plunge Europe into war.

Take an illustration of this seething hostility.

An acquaintance of mine was in Berlin during one of the "black-outs."

Suddenly the whole city was in profound darkness and so it remained during the period of experiment.

Then, as suddenly, the lights flashed out. But the streets were not as before.

In the interval they had been strewn with anti-Hitler literature, the grim reminder of that public opinion which has been driven to the catacombs and only awaits its hour of resurrection and revenge.

IT is therefore with no fear of public opinion even as an instrument of war that we need consider those two sayings to which I have referred.

PUBLIC OPINION IS THE MOST POTENT ARMAMENT OF A NATION, AND IN THE END IT PREVAILS, WHETHER IT IS SUPPRESSED AND DRAGOONED AS IN GERMANY OR WHETHER IT IS FREE AS IN THIS COUNTRY.

But to give that potent armament full effect it is necessary to bring public opinion more closely in touch with the executive and make the executive more responsive to public opinion.

By this I do not mean that public opinion is to control every detail of policy.

The public can no more run the day-to-day government of the country than the passengers can run the train, or the shareholders can run a great business concern.

THE passengers can decide the direction they are going and the train they take, but the details of the journey they must leave to the driver and the staff.

In the same way, democracy selects the goal of policy and the staff it wishes to put in control; but, having done that, it must trust its executive to meet the constantly changing vicissitudes of the journey.

It must leave the Government large freedom of action, dependent on facts which the public cannot be expected to know.

If the Government make a hash of their task, then the public have their remedy.

They elect a new Parliament with a new executive. That is democracy.

And, with all its defects, it is the only form of government consistent with the liberties of men in a civilised society.

But its success in practice is dependent on the close interplay of public opinion and the executive.

That interplay requires two things—an enlightened public opinion and a Government responsive to its will on large trends of policy.

When Mr. Chamberlain says that there is no evidence of public opinion on a vital question like our relations with Russia in the present emergency, and when Lord Baldwin says that it "takes two years to find out public opinion on any subject," they represent the democratic system as dead between election and election.

And, public opinion being written off, the Government (*i.e.*, the Prime Minister) is as absolute an autocrat for the time being as a dictator.

But neither of these statements is true. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, admits his is not true when, having adopted conscription, he claims that public opinion is behind him, as I think it is.

But it was certainly not less emphatically against him in the tragic policy of surrender to the dictators which has made them masters of Spain and Czechoslovakia and has compelled us to resort to conscription.

And I believe it is equally against him now in his refusal to bring the best available brains the country has into his Cabinet.

The truth is that public opinion on the major questions of policy is not obscure.

It had sized up Hitler and wanted a firm stand against the dictators two years before the light broke on Mr. Chamberlain.

Nor was its mind difficult to read. Putting aside the activities of *The Times*, there was not a responsible newspaper in the country which did not show the gathering volume of public opinion.

Every business dealing with the public must study the public demands—or go bankrupt. So with Government.

There is no more excuse for its ignorance of public opinion here than there was for its incredible blindness to what was happening in Germany in those lost three years when Hitler was laying his plans for world domination.

NO, it is not public opinion which has failed or which is on its defence.

It is the Government which has let democracy down.

AND THE MOST URGENT LESSON OF THESE DAYS IS THE GOVERNMENT MUST KEEP IN CLOSER TOUCH WITH THE MIND OF THE NATION, NOT BY STUDYING THE LETTER COLUMN OF "THE TIMES" BUT BY ORGANISED STUDY OF THE TREND OF PUBLIC OPINION.

It was one of the wisest of statesmen who said that the collective opinion of Parliament was sounder than that of any individual member, and that the collective opinion of the nation was sounder than either.

It is that truth by which alone democracy can live.

Heads and Tales!

Not from . . .

Professor Clarke has said it,
And he thinks it to our credit:
We're stupid Englishmen,
Who claim admiring wonder
When we through crises blunder,
Without design or plan!

For we're not like the Rooshans,
The French or Turks or Prooshans,
Whose ways surpass our ken;
Our brains, indeed, are poor 'uns,
And some might call us morons—
But we are Englishmen!

"WE English are a people who remind you sometimes of that kind of Simple Simon you see on the films, who blunders through all sorts of difficulties and dangers and who reaches security at last through his sheer stupidity."

The above testimonial comes from Professor Clarke, of the University of London Institute of Education, who would doubtless be surprised if sued for libel, slander and inflammation of the tonsils.

So, too, would sundry cartoonists if told that at least one average Englishman sees red, white and blue when they depict the average Englishman as undersized and short-sighted, with a prehistoric bowler, a pre-Munich gamp, and the intellect of Mary's little lamb.

But in some strange way we are expected to feel flattered when drawn as nitwits or written of as incurable blunderers.

And the deplorable thing is that some really do feel flattered.

But I, for one, repudiate the idea that we are a nation of hee-hee men, grinning through horses' collars and muddling through crises. I prefer to think of an Englishman's home as his castle rather than as an asylum for the feeble-minded.

Week by week, in this fenced-off feature entirely surrounded by powerful articles, I do my best to pretend that life is just one jolly joke after another.

. . . the B.B.C.

But I'm hanged if I'll greet with a merry ha-ha a statement that all will be well if only we display enough stupidity!

In fact, I'm dog-tired of the gag anent our alleged capacity for "muddling through," and I think that that mythical Little Man has had a busy day and should be put permanently to bed.

John Bull, my precious Jo, John,
When years ago we met,
I much admired your manly mien,
Your strong physique, your eyes so keen,
Your head so firmly set.

But you have altered much, John,
For now, whene'er I scan
Cartoons where you were found of yore,
I find you've changed into a poor,
Half-witted Little Man!

A kind of Simple Simon,
Of comprehension slow,
Professor Clarke proclaims you, John!
Oh! where's my former idol gone,
John Bull, my doughty Jo!

Y. Z.

Wanted Rogue Slips Into Britain

Sham Duke Cheats Women

MEET Mario Biselli, bogus nobleman and daring jack-in-the-box rogue.

Barred from this country, after he had been found with a false passport, he has been back again during the last few weeks.

The moment he landed he began his favourite ruse of swindling women. He seems to charm them.

When Scotland Yard got on his track he had disappeared from the address in London where he was staying.

Ever since the war, when he left the Italian Army with the rank of captain, he has jumped about like this from country to country, always leaving a trail of duped women.

Cunning liar and expert forger, he cheats wealthy women and servant girls with equal zest, and his total haul amounts to many thousands of pounds.

Once, just after the war, he secured £30,000 in a single coup, but his victim then was General Wehib Pasha, who commanded a Turkish Army in the Dardanelles.

He was the General's confidential secretary and forged his name on a cheque.

It was some time before he was traced to Paris and arrested in a Montmartre café.

For months he had lived riotously, and when he was taken to Rome to stand his trial he was a mere shadow of the gay Lothario who boasted that he could twist women round his little finger.

Biselli's sentence was eight years' penal servitude, but later it was reduced to three years.

It was when he came out of prison that he began preying on women in earnest, and he found he was so successful that he has seldom varied his methods since.

In France, Italy, Germany, England and America he has flashed to and fro in his jack-in-the-box career. Though detectives at the ports in all these countries have him prominently on their "Special Watch" list, he has managed to slip in and out by using clever disguises.

Since he was turned out of England and warned never to return he has crossed from France as a week-end visitor, thus eluding any passport inspection.

That is how he managed to land a few weeks ago, and it is not certain whether he is still in this country.

While in London he had the cool cheek to write to a girl here whom he had deceived on one of his flying trips a few years ago.

He deserted her after taking all her savings.

Most amazing of his exploits here concerns a woman he first met about ten years ago. He introduced himself as Captain Mario Biselli, though he was also at the same time posing as a duke.

This woman, much older than the handsome Italian, became hopelessly fascinated, and almost at once she gave him £250 which he said he required to secure a good position with a radio firm.

He forged a document to make the transaction look real, and for months the woman imagined that he was going to business each day.

Instead, he was busy duping other women, and before his chief benefactress discovered he was a rogue she had parted with another £500.

Then he disappeared, but, incredible though it may seem, he returned to her about three years later, begged her forgiveness, and induced her to set him up in a Kensington flat!

She also gave him another £350!

At the same time he was professing love for a servant girl. When he made sure he had got all her savings he deserted her.

These are just a few incidents in his philandering and trickery.

In between he has stood trial on a charge of poisoning the father of a girl he married in France during the war. He was in custody for about two years, but was finally acquitted.

Later he was jailed in Rome for fifteen months after he had knocked down and nearly killed a woman while driving a car with a forged licence.

When he was found in London with a false passport two years ago he was using the name of Osso Mario Hellman.

The police then stated that he was suspected of dealing extensively in forged passports.

Now he is known to have been back, police everywhere in the country have been told to look out for him.

A keen watch is being kept at all ports.

Sir Wyndham Childs'

Mario Biselli, once a captain in the Italian Army, boasted of his fascination for women

Mr. Gibbs is So Glib

PRODUCING £3,500 in four weeks is apparently a mere bagatelle to the United Traders' Protection Association, of Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

A Southport garage proprietor was assured that if he would let them make his concern a company they would guarantee to sell his shares for £3,500 cash in a month.

"Why not make up your mind, and within six to seven weeks you will be clear of your business," wrote Mr. Gibbs, the secretary.

So simple!—and all that was required was a preliminary fee of £15 15s.

When this golden offer went out to the Southport garage owner the association's address was shown as High Holborn, but in a later letter sent to another reader it is Gray's Inn Road.

Perhaps Mr. Gibbs grew tired of collecting letters and messages from Holborn because it was, I find, merely an accommodation address.

Actual headquarters of this high-sounding organisation were in Gray's Inn Road all the time and comprised two small rooms.

Since Gray's Inn Road has been printed prominently on the notepaper of the association, I notice, too, that the word "Protection" has been abandoned and the concern is now called United Traders' Association.

What really should be altered is the term "Association," because Mr. Gibbs, who modestly describes himself as secretary, is *all* of it.

He has a perfect fetish for flinging out guarantees.

Telling a Rotherhithe man what wonderful opportunities he can offer for investing money in businesses, he guarantees every transaction.

Crook's Dream House Swindles

THOMAS DAVID SAMUEL, smart, good-looking crook, paints visions of little dream houses.

But they all fall down, so beware of his blandishments if he comes your way.

All he is after is a deposit of £40, and that's the last heard of him and his houses until he bobs up somewhere else to work the same trick.

He pretends to represent a builder who has bought land in the neighbourhood to erect houses at about £600 each.

To people he interests he shows literature of the Planet Building Society, of Finsbury Square, London.

For a deposit of £40 everything can be fixed up with the builder and the society, and a loan will be granted at once.

So Samuel says, but he is no more a representative of any builder or this reputable building society than I am.

He has just collected some of the literature and is using it without any kind of authority.

The Planet Building Society, in fact, does not employ any agents to call on people and solicit business.

"It is a gross impertinence of this man to use our name in any way," the Secretary of the Society told one of my representatives.

It is one of the insoluble mysteries of human nature that people should part with cash so easily.

Yet Samuel has persuaded a number of persons to do so, and though the police are after him he is still merrily peddling his mythical dwellings.

Recently he was in Glamorganshire, and there he deluded those who were unfortunate enough to listen to proposals by assuring them that he could guarantee exceptional value because he would be personally supervising the building of the houses.

He was born in Birmingham, is about 35 years old, well built, with hazel eyes and fresh complexion. Near his left ear is a red birth mark.

He has twice been convicted for fraud at Cardiff and Whitchurch.

Public Benefactor

This week the £1 1s. goes to Mr. Thomas Dinning, of 30, Seymour Street, Dunston-on-Tyne.

He spotted new activities of a man exposed in JOHN BULL some years ago.

Mark your envelope: Public Benefactor.

Victory!

OLD Arthur Smy's cottages at Wingfield, near Ipswich, are not to be pulled down.

That's good news for JOHN BULL readers, who will recall that I first exposed the hardship inflicted on this seventy-two-year-old ex-shepherd.

Later, when Mr. Smy had been in Norwich jail for a month for refusing to quit one of the condemned dwellings, the Press generally took up his case.

That was the first time he had been separated from his wife during half a century of married life.

He had bought a smallholding and the cottages with his hard-earned savings.

After he came out of prison the authorities still said they intended to demolish the cottages.

I'm glad common sense has at last prevailed.

Weekly Warnings

Crazy Cult in Soho 'Sanctum'

QUEEREST of all the weird cult antics I have ever come across seem to belong to the Order of the Golden and Rosy Cross.

Basil Beaumont and Herbrand Williams, the leading lights, have assumed the most fantastic titles. Their meeting-place, a studio in Fitzroy Street, Soho, London, is called the Sanctuary of Heredom.

Beaumont, a young man with very fair hair, is nothing less than Basilji, "Beloved Son of The Most August Sovereign Imperator," whoever he may be.

Apparently he is not of this sphere because Beaumont is "His representative in the Outer World . . . the Keeper of the Royal Mystery, who teaches the Brothers on His Behalf."

It is, therefore, laid down that all the brothers or postulants must rise when he enters or leaves a room.

Also "he should on all formal occasions be greeted with the Eastern salutation with joined hands; and he has always to be addressed as Basilji.

"When he is absent from a Meeting of the Brotherhood, his Chair is to be left empty as a mark of respect."

Williams acclaims himself "Herbrand (with mysterious signs before and after), Grand Chancellor of the Golden and Rosy Cross."

Exactly what it all means is supposed to be shrouded in a grim pledge of secrecy.

But after reading some of the literature intended for private distribution I feel I want to have a bath, clean my teeth and get out in the fresh air.

It is just obnoxious trash, masquerading, as so many of these unhealthy cults do, under the semblance of some kind of religion.

Apparently entry to the Order is through the Society for Creative Psychology of which Beaumont and Williams are the registered directors. In street directories the Fitzroy Street address is shown as the office of this Society.

Obedience to every order of the "Hidden Master" is imperative.

Instructions for meditation assure a postulant that by chanting a certain prayer, "on one note, raising the voice a tone on the accented syllables, and dropping it once more," he will attain calm and peace.

Sitting with legs crossed and back erect, he is told to breathe deeply.

But this is no ordinary exercise, because the instruction states: "On the intake of the breath let the earth and the rocks and the seas enter his innermost being.

"Let the trees and the flowers and the grasses enter; let the beasts, birds, fishes and creeping things enter. . . .

"At the holding the breath let the Postulant become the Boundless One. At the expelling of the breath let him pour out upon the earth the Love and Life and Beauty of the Eternal."

Following that appears the word "Om!" I should think so.

Other injunctions refer to various postures.

"The Osiris Posture, the Posture of Death, gives the body contact with the Earth while resigning it wholly to the Will of the Beloved."

With the "Lotus Posture of the Lord Buddha" the body is given contact with the earth, "while the top of the head symbolically touches the Heavens."

Then "The Life-force flows in a continual rhythm within the Postulant."

He is "charged by the powers of Earth and Heaven, and all his inward parts—heart, lungs, brain and bowels—are renewed by the currents of Life thus set in motion by his yoga."

There's lots more—but I'm going off for that bath.

Basil Beaumont, "Keeper of the Royal Mystery"

Watch 'em

"IF we were to offer you a £10 note free," starts the home work proposition of W. E. Cooper, of Old Barn Road, Bournville, Birmingham.

But what he asks for is £1 *at once* for the usual instructions on how to make synthetic rubber moulds and liquid marble and plaster novelties.

* * *

MR. C. A. VARLEY, of Coombe-in-Teignhead, Newton Abbot, Devon, who persuades people that bits of cork from an old tree in his garden bring luck, has had another brainwave.

He is offering names and addresses of his customers to traders at 7s. 6d. a thousand!

Since he says he can sell 20,000 upwards at this price that old cork tree with its mythical legend must be turning to gold.

* * *

LATEST from the tea bonus doorstep army.

A Cheshire housewife who realised the racket after she had paid 3s. 6d. for the first pound, took the second packet when the salesman called, but refused to pay.

When he threatened to call a policeman, the woman said: "That would be just what I want."

Quick climax: The 3s. 6d. she had paid for the first pound was refunded.

* * *

PROF. CIRIO (copyright), of Robert Street, Regent's Park, London, is popping into letter-boxes circulars offering to answer any horoscope question for 6d.—"three for 1s."

After reading his literature I can understand his promise of "remarkable results!"

* * *

THERE are no mysteries left.

A wizard giving a Marseilles address is advertising, in an English paper, a "simple method assuring regular income at roulette or baccarat."

Price £1 3s.—but you have to pay 2s. just to enquire about it.

* * *

NU-MELODIES, of Linden Gardens, London, W., are just an old refrain in the way of song publishing.

They offer to set lyrics to music for the familiar fee.

Reports of sad disillusion come from two readers. When *will* people learn to step aside from this pitfall?

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

It Makes Me Angry

FOR the first time since I have been in charge of JOHN BULL'S Investigation Department I feel really angry.

Not with the crooks I have to deal with—but some of my readers!

You become involved in the most complicated troubles, and frequently when you are in legal difficulties you do not write to me until the last moment.

It is then nearly impossible to give effective advice.

Will all readers concerned please remember in future to write to me the moment they find themselves in a difficulty?

In all the cases that have made me so angry I could have dealt successfully with the matter *had I been consulted in time.*

And it costs readers nothing.

Better still, as I am always urging, seek my advice *before* you take on the commitments that land you in trouble.

Man with £5,000 Hands!

SUNSHINE and Alfred Brown, the quack miracle healer, usually set off for the seaside about now.

He favours the Northern resorts, so watch out, and don't let him fool you.

During the winter he has shouted his nonsense in the Leeds market place each Saturday, posing as nothing less than "The Man With The £5,000 Hands"!

Poor people, who can ill afford the money, are duped into paying liberal sums for cures he pretends to effect.

Recently he brazenly claimed that he could make a blind woman see by massaging her eyes.

When she protested that he did not seem to be doing her any good, Brown tried to pass it off by remarking, "You have a cheerful face."

Standing by was her husband with a ten shilling note in his hand, waiting to pay.

* * *

It is shocking to think that such charlatans are allowed to impose on people in this way.

Brown, one of the worst of them all, once peddled rock on Blackpool beach.

He has at times cunningly tried to give the impression that he is a Harley Street specialist.

Of course, he has no medical qualifications, and is just a dangerous cheapjack.

Cold Comfort in the Tropics

WHITEHALL'S odd ways sprout as far away as East Africa.

Some men in Government service in Tanganyika are entitled to pensions; others, doing equally important work, are not.

Twenty-seven officials in the Public Works Department who are among the "have-nots" have made strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to sort out the topsy-turvy arrangement.

All the satisfaction they received was the smug reply: "The fact that the Government has erred in the past by granting pensionable status on too lavish a scale is no reason why it should depart from its now considered policy of keeping pension commitments as low as possible."

The plight of these twenty-seven men cannot be side-tracked in this way.

It is true that when they were appointed they knew their jobs did not carry pensions. But it seems clear that they thought pensions would come if their service was satisfactory.

In any case, such Government work as these men do in a tropical climate should automatically entitle them to a pension.

Their salaries are not large—about £400 a year at the outside—and the cost of living out there makes it impossible for them to save much.

So, it means that after about twenty years' service they will be thrown on the unemployment list at home with practically nothing to fall back on.

One man will then be fifty and his chances of finding work when he gets home won't be very rosy.

For ten years there has been much talk of starting a Provident Fund for these men, but so far nothing has been done.

I hope some Member of Parliament will at once raise the whole disgraceful position and that the Colonial Minister will be made to give these men their pensions.

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH . . . Above is Mrs. Stapleton of Brighton giving her bonny son his breakfast. "My baby boy looks forward to his daily plate of Kellogg's," says Mrs. Stapleton, "and he's the picture of health! My husband likes Kellogg's, too, because they're so crisp and I say they're the best and quickest breakfast I know. They take only 30 seconds to serve and I've no saucepan to wash-up afterwards."

The *30-Second Breakfast* gives them more energy—keeps them going longer

It's crisp, delicious, nourishing—actually has more energy value than 3 eggs—and it's a joy to the housewife because it takes only 30 seconds to serve

TACT AND PATIENCE combined with skill and energy — that's the camera man! And here you see Mr. Hillier of Hendon on the job. "I need a good breakfast to start the day," he says. "But I can't do with anything heavy. That's why I stick to Kellogg's, winter and summer. My wife likes them, too. They save her the trouble of cooking a breakfast."

YES, Kellogg's is a splendid energy-giving breakfast. But it's more than just that — it's the favourite cereal in hundreds of thousands of homes all over the country.

Why is everybody so enthusiastic about Kellogg's? It's because they're so delicious! Those big golden flakes are so crisp, so fresh—they taste just as if they'd come straight out of the oven. The secret is the special *inner* "Waxtite" wrapper that protects the crispness!

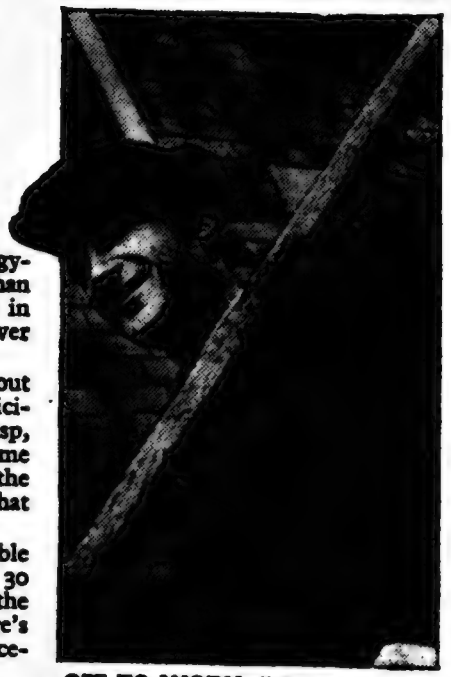
Think, too, of the time and trouble Kellogg's save you! They take only 30 seconds to serve — straight from the packet to the plate. And, of course, there's no cooking, so you have no horrid saucepan to wash-up.

Give your family a delicious energy-giving breakfast tomorrow morning. They'll be thrilled! Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Corn Flakes — only 5½d. a packet.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the "30-Second Breakfast"

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 223.26 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

START THE DAY WITH THE 30-SECOND BREAKFAST



OFF TO WORK. "You need a good head as well as a strong arm in my job," says Mr. Gardner of Leicester, window cleaner (above). "I start the day with a 30-second breakfast because it gives me the energy I need. Those crisp flakes are delicious, too. And they're very economical. My wife says that big packet goes a long way."

CROSSWORD No. 154.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

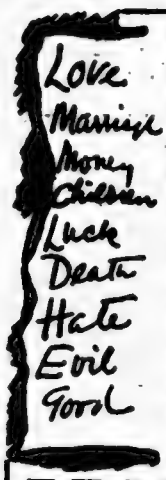
ON page 20 is printed the 154th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. L. M. Jeud, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, June 8, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.



YOUR SECRET THOUGHTS REVEALED . . !

★ Just discovered by mental experts is an amazing way of telling your innermost thoughts . . . by the way you speak and write . . . ! Read all about this extraordinary discovery—about experiments that you can try on your friends—in the May "Armchair Science" now on sale. 100 pages, 28 articles and features, 65 illustrations—all the wonders of the world of science explained in everyday language. Don't miss **Pitiless Pines, Birth of the Earth, Secrets of Croydon Airport,** etc.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE—6D.

Be really proud of your GARDEN—USE

SANGRAL

The World's Greatest Liquid Manure.

The value of liquid manure in the garden cannot be exaggerated, and Sangral is acknowledged to be the finest liquid manure on the market to-day.

OVER 80% SOLUBLE!

This remarkable SOLUBLE Fertiliser supplies vital organic nitrogen to the roots within 6 hours of feeding! In 10 days it works wonders with Flowers, Fruits, Herbaceous Borders, Lawns and Vegetables.

SANGRAL contains NO CHEMICALS WHATSOEVER and cannot harm even the most delicate seedlings. It is also harmless to domestic animals.

No wonder, then, that SANGRAL is regularly used in over one million British gardens, and that the greatest gardening experts sing its praises. They use SANGRAL themselves in their own gardens. Could they pay a finer tribute than that?

There is no SUBSTITUTE for SANGRAL, so from now on, make your watering-can do TWO useful jobs at one and the same time.

NOW is the time to use

SANGRAL

THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER

SOLD EVERYWHERE

6d. pkts., 1/6, 3/- and 5/- tins

HE WARNS YOU against the rogues who are exploiting A.R.P. and exposes a—

New Ring of CRISIS CROOKS

— By —
STANLEY BISHOP

Our famous crime reporter, who knows more secrets of the underworld than any journalist in England.

STILL they increase and multiply, these "crisis credulity" rogues.

And as they spread, they grow in impudence.

Almost every day brings a new case to the notice of JOHN BULL—because ordinary people, anxious these days, are easy victims. Any kind of fraud with a crisis angle can be exploited.

That is why JOHN BULL is constantly unmasking the scoundrels. Here are a batch of new ones.

Lately big sums of money have been collected in central and suburban London by a group of young women who purport to represent a concern they call "Air Raid Shelters."

Of course, there is no such company.

What happens is this: A well-dressed woman calls at a house and, producing a note-book, says:—

"Excuse me, but I have just come along from A.R.P. headquarters to check up whether you have received your anti-gas paint spray gun."

Housewife answers: "No, we have not. All we have is gas-masks. What is it?"

Caller replies: "Well, you *should have* received an anti-gas paint spray gun. You see, by arrangement with the authorities, every householder will have one of those guns free, and your district is now scheduled for distribution.

"A special colourless paint—we call it paint for want of a better word, but it is not actually paint—makes any house absolutely gas-proof if it is sprayed on the interior walls.

Baited Hook

"This protection does away completely with the need for any gas-masks. You get the spray gun free—anybody can work it—but you have, of course, to buy the special paint."

***And there* is the hook under the bait. The polite caller, who "has just come along from A.R.P. headquarters," will take a deposit to secure quick delivery of a two-gallon drum of the magic paint, sufficient to gas-proof any house.**

"You will quite appreciate there is an immense demand for the paint, but those who pay a deposit now in this district will obtain delivery within two days. I will see that you receive your spray gun to-night."

Of course, no spray gun or paint ever arrives.

Large numbers of people have fallen to this confidence trick, and have handed out deposits.

In one middle-class suburban road more than thirty deposits of ten shillings each were gathered in a morning.

So far police have only a general description of the women deposit collectors. But open warrants for their arrest have been issued.

Great Invention

A similar swindling method is being operated in several provincial cities—again by women, who promise a first-aid outfit, with every essential for the treatment of air raid casualties, on the payment of a small deposit and the balance on delivery.

Police officers are looking into the operations of one crook who, with two confederates, has been playing on the national rearmament programme.

They pretend they have developed, and are on the point of selling to the Government, a marvellous "defence" invention—the nature of which is so secret that it cannot even be indicated.

Money is needed to carry through the final stages before the contract with the Government is signed and production on a large scale commenced. Investors will not only receive handsome profits, but are ensured of employment in the manufacturing company.

That is the crisis variety of an old story, and because of crisis credulity it has been successful.

The gang has made its captures, and has now disappeared from its West End address.

Another practitioner on similar lines who has a string of names sometimes calls himself Rogers. He moves from town to town, advertises that he is opening a works for the making of A.R.P. appliances, and takes premiums from the parents of young men on the guarantee they will be given employment in the factory. Then "Rogers" flits by night.

In one assumed name or another he has been complained about in many towns.

"Robert White" is an official from the Ministry of Defence, who has been travelling the West of England in a motor-car, and carrying with him a model of a concrete air raid shelter.

"It is imperative," says "White," when he visits good-class houses, "that a shelter of this pattern be installed in the garden. The necessary materials will be supplied through the Ministry."

He is rather afraid that people—whose incomes put them beyond the issue of free steel shelters—*will be made* to erect a concrete shelter.

Compulsion, hints "White," is in the air, and he more than hints that if he is given a sum of money he can arrange a particularly low rate of payment for the concrete shelter.

He has been good enough to make such arrangements for residents in different parts.

The man is an outrageous impostor, with a criminal record.

Several convictions for fraud and other offences are lined up behind a crook, Easterbrook, alias Donmore, alias Brooks, who poses as a Government official when he goes around inspecting houses to see how they can be safely proofed against raids.

The inspection by Easterbrook takes considerable time, because it is his object to tire the householder and be left alone for a few moments in study or bedroom.

For he is just a nasty sneak thief. He will steal anything on which he can easily lay hands, but he is particularly keen on cheque books. He is also a "stumer" cheque "flyer."

Exam. Fee

At a house in Maidstone another crisis crook made a substantial haul of jewellery.

You who are enrolled in A.R.P. carefully steer clear of the President of the "Air Raid Precautions Society" and his diplomas, for which an examination fee must be paid.

Neither the president nor the society has any authority—except their own—to issue diplomas for efficiency in A.R.P. work. The official certificate of each local A.R.P. organisation is all that is required. Anything beyond is a fee-snatching "racket."

A crisis pretender flying high is a young man who leaves no name behind him.

He says he is from the local A.R.P. headquarters and has been sent on a house-to-house inspection of gas-masks.

Last week he was busy in the Maida Vale district and produced a document purporting to be his authority which had an "A.R.P." heading on it.

After talking glibly about the efficiency of gas-mask fitting, he states that he is authorised to sell blocks of "special wax" which will make the eyepiece steam-proof.

Blocks of this preparation are offered at one shilling a small square, neatly wrapped in paper.

All the "squares" actually contain are bits of common soap.

This bogus A.R.P. inspector does a brisk trade everywhere and must be reaping a fine harvest.

Now for further news of that old scoundrel Henry Dunsford and his partner Mrs. Marguerite Rickard, who were exploiting the public through the Nurses' Trading Company, Borough High Street, London.

Nurses' clubs were to be formed in association with the trading company. The clubs were to be provided with air raid shelters, and resident nurses who would be available for service "if ever the necessity arises for the use of the air raid shelter."

"For the Poor"

One such club was established in Romford, Essex, and proved a failure. Dunsford and Mrs. Rickard packed up and left the district, and now their victimised creditors cannot find them.

A printer, who did work for the Nurses' Trading Company, sued Mrs. Rickard for the money she owed him, and obtained judgment.

As no settlement was made a committal order was obtained against the woman, but it could not be enforced as she had most successfully covered her trail.

Frequent complaints have reached JOHN BULL within the past month of ostensible charities which have sprung up and are making crisis appeals.

Collectors are sent from door to door, and the most common form of plea is that their society is trying to get money to provide effective air raid shelters for people living in poor areas.

"The Government is moving so slowly in the matter," say these paid-on-commission collectors, "that our society feels the urgent need to safeguard hundreds of poor families, who otherwise may be left unprotected."

Important that no money should be given to any such society. It is simply another way of exploiting the nation's nerves.

Going, Going—

HAVE you applied for JOHN BULL'S great new presentation—the magnificent Sheffield-made canteen of cutlery?

You must hurry if you wish to avoid disappointment. This is your last chance and all applications must be received by Saturday, May 27.

There are eighty-four pieces in this £7 7s. canteen. Yet JOHN BULL offers it to its great family of readers at a special low presentation price.

Turn at once to page 16 and complete the reservation forms. Then post them to-day without fail.

"JOHN BULL'S" VALUABLE HOME PRESENTATION

LAST CHANCE!

Here is a greatly reduced illustration of this magnificent Canteen of Cutlery. Make it yours now by applying at once on forms below.

84 GLEAMING PIECES

THE FIFTEEN SETS OF THIS LOVELY CANTEEN, consisting in all of 84 beautiful pieces, will be sent to you in the following order:

SET 1 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons.
SET 2 Six Dessert Spoons.
SET 3 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, One Table Spoon.
SET 4 Six Fruit Spoons, One Fruit Server.
SET 5 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons.
SET 6 Three Pairs Fish Eaters.
SET 7 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, Three Tea Spoons.
SET 8 Six Pastry Forks, Two Salt Spoons, Two Mustard Spoons.
SET 9 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons.
SET 10 One Jam Spoon, One Pair Sugar Tongs, Three Tea Spoons, One Sharpening Steel.
SET 11 One Carving Knife, One Carving Fork.
SET 12 Six Soup Spoons.
SET 13 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, One Table Spoon.
SET 14 Three Pairs Fish Eaters.
SET 15 Jacobean Oak Shade Case, to hold the complete 84 Pieces.

to secure this Superb £7.7.0 Canteen of Cutlery on amazing Privilege Terms

THIS week "John Bull" announces the final opportunity for readers to secure its Valuable Home Presentation—a magnificent £7 7s. Sheffield-made Canteen of Cutlery. So tremendous is the demand for this beautiful Canteen that this Presentation must now be withdrawn. The Reservation Forms below are definitely the last to appear. Use them NOW. Don't let this last chance slip by! The amazingly generous terms of the Presentation make this Canteen absolutely unapproachable value! This is the opportunity of a lifetime to secure a Canteen of 84 superb, glittering pieces of the highest quality Cutlery and Plate. Apply before it is too late. Post the Final Reservation Forms below TO-DAY.

★ Look at the panel on the left below, which shows you the complete contents of the superb Canteen of exquisitely-designed tableware, in the order in which the sets reach you. You'll be proud of it in your home and you can collect it without noticing paying for it.

SHEFFIELD—the home of the world's finest cutlery—that is where this beautiful Canteen is being specially created for you. The table and dessert knives are made of the renowned Firth Steel. Each knife blade is guaranteed STAINLESS STEEL, and is finished with a sparkling de luxe mirror polish. The blade and haft of each knife form one piece which is firmly and attractively set well down into the handle. The handles are oval-shaped and of super quality delicately GRAINED WHITE IVORINE. The table and dessert forks, the thirty-seven various spoons, the fruit server and the sugar tongs are heavyweight and are the most graceful you've ever seen, and have a GUARANTEED deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING, with a brilliant mirror polish finish.

Included in this fine Canteen is a THREE-PIECE CARVING SET, consisting of a CARVING KNIFE with 8-in. blade made of Firth Stainless Steel with mirror polish, a forged steel carving fork, and a sharpening steel made to match exactly the table and dessert knives.

The Case is strongly made in an attractive modern design and finished in a rich Jacobean Oak shade. It is lined throughout with an attractive Brown Baize and contains a patent spring rack in the lid, and compartments for the articles.

The Case is fitted with decorative clasps and solid brass hinges, and is mounted on four shaped, non-scratching feet polished to match. The complete Canteen of Cutlery will be distributed to readers in Fifteen Sets straight from the manufacturers. In the panel on left you see the order in which they reach you.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in the Final Reservation Order Form and Labels below and post them at once, together with 9d. in stamps. This reserves your COMPLETE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY. You will then be sent a folder fully describing and illustrating the Complete Canteen—and arrangements will be made for your Canteen of Cutlery to be prepared for you. Your first Set of Cutlery will be put in hand and will be dispatched to your home one month after receipt of your Reservation. An Invoice for your first Set will also be sent, which you must return with your remittance of 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) WITHIN SEVEN DAYS after receipt of the Set (carriage free).

A Book containing fourteen Presentation Vouchers with which you qualify for Sets 2 to 15 of the Canteen of Cutlery, Set by Set, will be sent to you with your Invoice for Set No. 1.

The second Set of Cutlery will be put in hand, to be ready for dispatch when your completed Voucher for Set Two is received, and so on until your Canteen of Cutlery is complete.

To qualify for each of Sets 2 to 15 you send in one of your Presentation Vouchers accompanied by four Tokens cut from four consecutive issues of "John Bull" and the remittance as specified below. Tokens eligible are the "starred" series which appear in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull" each week. You may commence to qualify for Set No. 2 with the "starred" Series Token No. 62 from the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 8, or with a subsequent "starred" Series Token.

All that you send with each of the completed Cutlery Vouchers is the low sum of 4s. 6d. With Voucher No. 14—for the Case itself—you are asked to send 7s. 9d.

There is nothing more to pay or do. NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE 84-PIECE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY.

URGENT.—Seize this wonderful opportunity NOW. POST the Forms below AT ONCE.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE THESE FORMS

JOHN BULL

FINAL RESERVATION ORDER FORM

Canteen of Cutlery—84 Pieces and a Case

Address your envelope exactly as shown below, and post to—Cutlery Reservation Dept., J.K.2, "John Bull," 3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2 (Prot.).

Please reserve in my name a Presentation Canteen of Cutlery consisting of 84 Pieces and a Case, to be obtained by me in Fifteen Sets. I enclose with this Form 9d. (threepence) in Stamps as Reservation Fee. This reserves my COMPLETE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY in my name.

Please send me by return the Colour Folder illustrating and fully describing my Canteen. I understand that you will dispatch my first Set in a month's time and will send me an Invoice for this Set. I certify that I will remit the correct amount for my first Set WITHIN SEVEN DAYS OF RECEIPT of the Set.

Please also send me a Book containing my FOURTEEN OFFICIAL PRESENTATION VOUCHERS on which to qualify for Sets 2—15. The Newsagent whose name and address are given below holds my written order for the regular supply of my copies of "John Bull."

IMPORTANT. You MUST send with this Form Reservation Fee of 9d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. This Form and 9d. in stamps together with the "With Care" Label and the Label "X" MUST be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp. Your name and full postal address MUST be clearly written in Block Letters on both Labels and 1d. stamp affixed to Label "X."

SIGNATURE .....
Write clearly below in Block Letters.
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
NAME OF NEWSAGENT .....
ADDRESS .....
Date .....

The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is Saturday, May 27.

This offer applies only to Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. N.B.—Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges levied. No person may apply for more than one 84-piece Canteen of Cutlery.

"John Bull," 20/5/39

WITH CARE

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
TOWN .....
COUNTY .....

If undelivered, please return to Depot, 23, Shelton Street, London, W.C.2.

J.B. 2.

S. C. K.

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

X

WE ACCUSE!

JAILED FOR BEING LATE

THIS week twenty-year-old Miss Josephine Dean, from the village of Bassingham, in Lincolnshire, was to have been married in London.

The ceremony cannot take place. The young woman has been sent to Holloway Prison to serve a sentence of six months' hard labour for an offence committed two years ago.

When you learn the circumstances leading up to this punishment—imposed by the justices of Willesden, Middlesex, and confirmed by quarter sessions—your humane instinct will revolt.

At the age of seventeen Josephine went to London from Lincolnshire to enter domestic service. For two years she worked well, and then, yielding to sudden temptation, she stole from her employer a few garments of little value.

It was her first offence of any kind. Almost at once she confessed—but was prosecuted.

Tearfully, she gave her word of honour to the magistrates that she would respect other people's property for the rest of her life. To test her, they ordered two years' probation.

She has been true to her promise. Since her first and only act of theft she has been scrupulously honest.

Most of the time she has been employed as a servant at a private house and a hospital in Kent.

Her employers testify that she was a splendid worker. The only criticism they had to make was that several times, on her evenings off, she did not return until after 10 p.m.

The reason was that her sweetheart was in London and she had to travel to meet him.

They had their marriage plans to discuss.

Then Josephine got work in London. It was made a condition that she should live in a Kensington institution which had a "curfew" hour of 10.30 p.m.

Three times Miss Dean came back nearer midnight. On each occasion she had a good excuse, which was verified on enquiry.

Once, for instance, she was delayed because a fellow-boarder with whom she had gone out became ill in the street.

Her second late return was due to the fact that she had accompanied a younger girl from the home as chaperone on a social visit.

The third time she lost her handbag and was delayed by reporting the matter at the police station, from which a telephone message was sent to the institution explaining the reason for her lateness.

* * *

Nevertheless, when Josephine had completed her two years' probation by all but six weeks and was getting ready for her marriage, the authorities revived the theft charge.

In court they complained that, when challenged about staying out late, she had been "quietly insolent" to certain officers!

For these reasons Josephine Dean has gone to Holloway Jail for six months' hard labour.

She crumpled up in the dock as if she had been shot when the magistrates pronounced sentence. She had to be carried away, senseless from shock.

The sentence is so absurd that we are sure the Home Secretary—now the facts have been told—will promptly revoke it.

Means Test Drove Him to Death Bid

PETER ANTROBUS was found by his wife unconscious from gas poisoning in the kitchen of their home at Bridgewater Avenue, Latchford, Warrington.

He was taken to hospital and, after a great fight, the doctors saved his life.

The man admitted that he had tried to commit suicide.

Antrobus expected that he would be prosecuted for his rash act. No action of any kind, however, was taken.

In some respects, this was unfortunate. Court proceedings would have revealed why he sought death. And they would have stirred the public's conscience with regard to the unhappy lot of families at the mercy of the new Means Test regime.

Unemployment has dogged Antrobus since his marriage twelve years ago. He has had about one year's work in two.

That, however, was not the reason for his attempt to take his life. His spirit had been broken by the attitude of the authorities towards his wife and the suffering of his family.

The woman and her four young children had been in hospital, suffering from disease caused by undernourishment. They were so wasted by privation that none of them had any resistance left against infection.

When the mother recovered, the doctors told her it was essential she and her babies should have regular and plentiful supplies of milk, eggs, cod-liver oil, and so on.

Where were these things to come from? They could not be provided on a Means Test allowance of 39s. a week which, after payment of rent and the like, did not leave enough to buy even necessities for a household of six.

So Mrs. Antrobus decided to go out to work—as a domestic help—innocently believing that what money she earned could be used to obtain the "extras" required for her ailing children.

She received, on an average, 12s. 6d. a week for five days work. It was this additional money which she thought would lift her family back to health.

But that is not to be. Because the mother is employed, the relief allowance has been cut down by 16s. a week.

In other words, she works five days for half-a-crown.

So the children are still hungry and ill, without their milk and eggs and cod-liver oil, and without proper clothing or footwear

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour. His department refused to pay

They're Stealing His Pension

WHEN Staff-Sergeant Oswald Sant, of the South Lancashire Regiment, left the Army after twenty years' service, his future seemed assured.

He had a pension of 18s. a week, and under the splendid new War Office scheme for finding employment for Regular soldiers on discharge, he knew that Post Office work was waiting for him.

But to-day Sant and his wife—who was awarded the O.B.E. for her war service—and their four children are in poverty. Despair pervades their home at Durban Road, Old Swan, Liverpool.

The man got employment as a postman in accordance with the official promise, but before long he was discharged on medical grounds.

He had a perforated ear and, to the surprise of doctors who knew about the case, the authorities declared that this defect makes an otherwise able-bodied man unfit to deliver letters!

Worse. When Sant went to the Ministry of Labour to seek unemployment benefit for himself and dependants, they refused to pay it.

They said his employment by the Post Office was not insurable. They disregarded the fact that he had been contributing regularly and fully for twenty years previously during his Army service.

Still worse. The family has been put on a Means Test pittance of 27s. a week. And the man has been deprived of his Service pension.

He draws the 18s. pension awarded by his country each Wednesday. In the name of the State and the Means Test, it is taken from him next day.

Mother-to-be Turned Away

NOT a week passes without assurances coming from the Ministry of Health that the Government is determined to bring down the maternal mortality rate—still twice as high as it should be.

The Ministry itself, JOHN BULL believes, could do much more to save the lives of women in childbirth if it would only investigate at first hand the circumstances in which so many die.

There is a rule in Whitehall, however, that action will not be taken unless the death is suspected to be due to faulty administration of hospitals maintained by public funds.

For this reason, it seems, the Ministry is to refuse an enquiry into a recent tragedy at Hull, although the local authorities demand that one be held.

Victims of the tragedy were a twenty-four-year-old woman and her first-born.

Months before her confinement was due, she and her husband made arrangements for a bed to be available at a nursing home.

Ten weeks before the expected birth, the woman fell ill and went to the institution. They told her it was probably a cold and sent her home.

A month later her condition became serious. Hæmorrhage began. Her mother took her to the home, but again she was refused admission.

It was said that she could not be received before the date fixed for the confinement. Also, it was apparently judged that she had not sufficient means to pay for the extra maintenance and treatment.

The woman's doctor sent her back to the place on the same day. This time accommodation was found for her.

But not for long. A few hours later, the husband found that his wife had been removed to a public hospital in the city.

There, that night, a baby was born dead.

A magnificent fight was put up by the doctors and nurses to save the woman's life. Blood transfusion was tried, but it was in vain. Before morning the patient was dead.

Would the mother and child have been alive to-day if she had been taken into the maternity ward at once?

Could they have been saved if, when ultimately admitted, the woman had not been sent on to another hospital?

Whatever the Department's regulations, JOHN BULL insists that the Minister of Health should alter his decision and sanction competent investigation so that these questions may be answered.

Only by his willingness to do so, can the sincerity and effectiveness of the official measures against maternal mortality be tested.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS.
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Learn to be an Air Observer in the world's finest aeroplanes

The Observer is just as important as the Pilot. He navigates the plane and is responsible for Air photography and reconnaissance. You can be an Observer. No previous experience is necessary; you will be fully trained after joining. The qualifications are simply these: you must be between 17½ and 28: educated to School Certificate standard in mathematics (though an actual certificate is not necessary), single and physically fit. You serve for 4 years followed by 6 years on the Reserve. *Find out more about your career as an Observer. Send the coupon below for full details.*

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Free food, free housing, free clothes, and £4.7.6d. a week in cash to spend as you like.

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An opportunity of a Commission as an Observer Officer or of training as a Pilot.

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On completion of your regular service you will receive a gratuity of £75.

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PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc. made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent.). Ltd., 29, Paddock Wood, Kent.

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DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid opportunity not to be missed. It's a unique Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.28, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of CEPHOS, the Safe and Certain Physician's Remedy for Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (130Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FOR TENNIS, CYCLING, MILITARY STRAIN and WORK, increase your RESERVE ENERGY by asking your chemist for a 6d. packet of VITA GLUCOSE. If unobtainable, send his name and address with stamps 6d. to SIMPKINS, Barley Sugar Works, Sheffield, 6.

A FREE Sample of Uraco Brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered on p. 35.

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nostrolene advert. on page 35, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

DOAN'S famous Backache and Kidney Pills help to rid the blood of harmful impurities which make life a misery. See page 30.

RHEUMATIC Sufferers. Accept this free offer. On page 29 appears a coupon which, if sent to the address mentioned, will bring a free sample of Curicones and a special booklet.

FREE.—If you are run-down, lack energy, send for free booklet, "Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Fill in coupon on p. 31 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.78), Watford, Herts.

AN instructive 56-page booklet on how to relieve rheumatism, etc., find a new road to perfect health and strength, can be obtained post free and without obligation on application to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.5/3, 128-34, Baker Street, London, W.1. See page 35.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Yeast supplied with each tin of Viggermalt, with which you can make home beer. Further particulars appear on page 37.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 5, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. for postage. See page 36

FOR 6½d. you can make 24 tumblers of Eiffel Tower Lemonade, a good refreshing drink. See page 28.

THE Pearl With-Profits Endowment Assurance offers an excellent method of securing special benefits for you and your family. Full particulars, without obligation, will be sent to readers who fill in coupon on p. 33. You may never regret it.

YOUR skin always needs protection against dirt and infection. One sure way to guard against dirt and dirt-bred germs is to use Knight's Family Health Soap regularly. Its foamy, antiseptic lather sweeps away all infection and keeps the skin clean and fresh. See page 29.

WHY not spend your holiday this year in the rugged splendour of the Cambrian Coast? It comprises what is surely the most richly varied holiday playground in Britain—mighty peaks—lovely valleys—magnificent estuaries—glorious sands. Turn to the G.W.R. announcement on page 4 and send for further information, free.

THE daily use of Wrigley's P.K. Chewing Gum peps you up and quiets your nerves, soothes your throat and keeps you mentally alert. Wrigley's Chewing Gum is also nature's way to strong, healthy teeth, for it gives them much-needed exercise. The children will love it, too. See page 25.

FOR as little as 6d. you can get better shaves without a brush than you ever got with one. Colgate Brushless Shave Cream brings you this enjoyment and does away with shaving drudgery. In 6d. and 1/- tubes, giant size 1/6, you can get it everywhere. See page 24.

FOR clearness and easy flowing, always use Stephens' Ink—it will not smudge or run or fade. The famous Fill-pen bottles are ideal for home and office use, and if you want the perfect writing instrument for a lifetime's service, buy a Stephens' Fountain Pen, which can be obtained from 5/6 to 21/-. See page 26.

USE Brylcreem, the perfect hair dressing. Absolutely free from gum, it imparts a splendid gloss to the hair. It fixes it in any desired position and it never "flakes." There is no better remedy than Brylcreem for "dry hair." In bottles and tubes everywhere; and don't forget also to use Brylfoam—the best shampoo in a tube, price 6d. See Front Cover.

FREE.—Send for free Guide, telling you all about Blackpool, with its stupendous amusements, healthy ozone, golden sands and outdoor and indoor attractions. Write now to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool. If you have never spent a holiday at Blackpool, get this free Guide and see for yourself how marvellous it is. See page 23.

ACCEPT this FREE double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.27, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See p. 32.

TRY a fascinating new way of serving Chivers Jellies—a jelly inside a jelly, two different colours, two different flavours. The full recipe appears in the announcement on page 28. Try it—it's so easy. Everyone will then want to know however you managed to make this mysterious double jelly and all will enjoy the novel combination of the natural fruit flavours which have always distinguished Chivers Jellies.

BE FIT, FEEL FIT AND KEEP FIT! Be a superman! You can do it easily by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Harold Laurance, the Laurance Institute of Health and Stamina, Ltd., Dept. J.B., Lodgate House, 110, Fleet Street, London, and obtaining full particulars of the "World Beater" course of home training for the small sum of 1/- per week. Apparatus is sent free. Pupils can participate for valuable cash prizes which are being awarded month by month on progress reported. Act at once and send for full particulars.

THINKING of Holidays? If you want the perfect combination of sea and sand and sun and scenery, the holiday resorts on the North-West coast of England offer exceptional attraction—North Wales, the Lancashire Coast, the Isle of Man and the Lake District. Free guides to any of these districts and a "Cheap Fares" booklet can be obtained from your nearest L.M.S. Station office or Agency. Also buy a copy of "Holidays by L.M.S.," 6d. It contains numerous addresses at which to stay in all these holiday districts. Don't overlook page 27.

Scots minister's son, Oxford prizewinner, famous novelist, historian, favourite of Canadians and now their Governor-General—that is . . .

Their Majesties' Host!

WHEN Jim Thomas was Dominions Secretary, Col. Sir John Buchan, M.P., walked up to him in the Lobby one day and said, "Canada has asked me to be the next Governor-General."

That, I was assured at the time, was the casual way in which it happened.

No one had been consulted officially in London—neither the Palace nor Whitehall!

The Canadian Government was, for the first time, making a real show of its independence.

That is how John Buchan became Lord Tweedsmuir. That is why, this week, he is host to their Majesties, who, as King and Queen of Canada, are touring that vast Dominion.

And Canada *is* vast! It is the second largest country in the world—much larger than the adjoining United States, although it has less than a twelfth of their population.

Why did Canada choose Tweedsmuir? Well, first, his career must have appealed to that progressive land, for his rise to his present high estate is one of the greatest romances of the manse.

Son of a Peeblesshire minister, he won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford—this among other honours—and then became one of "Milner's young men."

So assiduous was his energy that, back in London from South Africa, he was soon a director of a publishing firm, an author of histories and novels, a politician—in fact, a dabbler in many things, and master of them all.

Yet, when a boy, he had narrowly escaped death in an accident in which his face was badly smashed by a cartwheel. To this day he bears the scar.

Canada, seeking a Governor-General to succeed Lord Bessborough, really chose its favourite novelist. For, right across the Dominion, largely peopled by Scotsmen, they delighted in "Greenmantle" and "The Thirty-Nine Steps."

They may not have become enrapt in his lives of Julius Cæsar and Oliver Cromwell; but his novels enthralled them.

WHEN "The Thirty-Nine Steps" became a film, they shared in the reflected glory. . . .

Well, Tweedsmuir has certainly done more than most Governors-General to justify his appointment.

His journeys across Canada, far into the Arctic wastes by sledge and aeroplane, were undertaken seriously by a man who wanted to know what the country was really like.

Soon, Canadians had christened one of their natural parks after him. Some of their national parks, you know, are so vast that they could hold an English county.

Mind you, Tweedsmuir is not impressive. He is smallish—so unremarkable in appearance that, at the Guildhall recently, I said to a man, "I didn't know you were back from Canada," and then found I was talking to somebody else.

Few stories are told of him. He is not that sort. But he is really competent.

Perhaps, unless there is a change of Government, he will be the next Viceroy of India. . . .

John Buchan's first taste of that sort of glory came when, six years ago, he became Lord High Commissioner, the King's representative, with a temporary residence in Holyrood Castle. He used his platform, then, as a sounding-board, delivering a withering attack on Fascism to the Church of Scotland.

"There is a danger of revolt against freedom, not for the love of manly freedom but out of sheer failure of nerve," he declared, while 1,000 ministers and laymen applauded.

"There is an instinct to huddle together and to seek salvation in herds, a fear of being alone. . . . There can be no hope in that which means the giving up of manhood."

GENERALLY, though, Tweedsmuir's utterances have been as moderate as are expected from men born of his northern race.

It is his industry, untiring, persistent, that has raised him to the pinnacle. His novels were often written in the two hours' train journey from Oxford to London. His histories were the result of earnest poring into the past.

It was never genius. It was always high competence.

He will show Canada to their Majesties with that same thoroughness. And what incomparable beauties he will be able to show them!

I, who have travelled right across Canada, treasure many memories of its wonderful lake scenery, the glories of its mountain ranges, the breadth of its almost endless prairies.

Each city in Canada, I found, was different. Each had a personality of its own.

Montreal, for instance, was different from all the others, because of its large French population.

British Vancouver was so English that it used our coinage and insisted on driving on the left, whereas the rest of Canada drove on the right and paid in dollars.

Most impressive of all, though, was the glorious idea of Space. The Dominion calls out for men—yet, alas! those men cannot be absorbed until we learn how to use the produce of the soil. They are as unneeded as they are at home.

Still, Canada's future is rosy.

People have even spoken of the time when the capital of the British Commonwealth will be moved to Canada!

Lord Tweedsmuir, of course, has found many political troubles in the Dominion. There is a Fascist menace in Montreal. There are tense rivalries in Quebec, where Little France, more narrow than any small French town, has grown up in the midst of Anglo-Saxondom.

ALL this needs wise statesmanship and broadminded government.

Then, in some places, the farmers still won't observe Summer Time. They are so backward that they won't put forward the clock!

Everywhere in Canada you find Scotsmen—men who, although they may be descended from great-grandparents who emigrated, retain the characteristics of the soil of North Britain.

So it is fitting that a Scotsman should act as the nominal head of their destinies.

He can be human, can the Governor-General. "The King is coming," he told the children at Renfrew, Ontario, "so I hope you will all brush your hair and pull up your socks."

Then, in another mood, he confessed, "I have a terrible weight on my conscience. It is too many books."

Mind you, he has not always been as discreet as Governors-General should be. His name appeared as a patron of the Right Book Club, which caused trouble, because Governors-General must not have any political colour.

Then he has been blamed for the indiscretion of his speeches. . . .

Not long since, Tweedsmuir, an Anglo-American of years' standing, had the high honour of welcoming President Roosevelt under the Heights of Abraham. That meeting was another link. . . .

Soon after, he repaid the visit, went to Washington as the President's guest, and was received with honours usually paid only to monarchs and heads of States.

THERE, when holding a Press conference, he stood behind Roosevelt's chair, and, although dressed in full uniform, with sash, heavy epaulettes, silver braid, and two rows of medals on his breast, spoke to the Press as "an old newspaperman!"

Well, I can remember him as such when he was on Beaverbrook's staff at the Ministry of Information.

Fiction has few romances that Fact cannot equal, nowadays. Even business life sometimes reads like a fairy tale.

Tweedsmuir's career is as remarkable as that of almost any hero invented for a novel.

He rose from obscurity, not by artfulness but by work, to sit in the high places of the world.

And he has still further to go. . . .

Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who

Greatest of These

STRICKEN with serious illness, John Jones, of Stoke-on-Trent, does not worry about his health as you or I would.

He worries about his wife and the six children she has to care for. He knows poverty; he knows the wearying misery of having to make pennies go as far as shillings.

Her father is terribly ill

And so he will not let his wife buy the special foods he needs. A war victim, he has pulmonary tuberculosis. He is too weak to leave his bed.

We should be grateful for any donations to help this deserving case.

Donations earmarked "T.B.," as well as any intended for the fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments will be sent by post.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. We gratefully acknowledge treasury note for 10s. from Wirral, Cheshire.

EUROPE'S MOST IM… F…

You hear—perhaps too much—the views of world statesmen shouting across the frontiers. But you seldom hear the voices of the mute millions for whom those statesmen claim to speak. The compiler of these pages has talked to hundreds of the simple folk who are really the most important people in Europe. What have they to say? In these six typical interviews Mr. Everyman of other lands speaks across the sea to you of his desire for peace and happiness.

THE LOCAL SHOPKEEPER

He was sitting beside the canal at Strasbourg—the beautiful, old-world capital of the Alsace that has been a bone of contention between France and Germany for nearly a thousand years.

A placid sort of fellow, seeing what a lot had happened in his lifetime. A butcher by trade . . . sitting there in the sunshine to smoke and study reflections in the water.

Between puffs, he told me his story.

I was born in Strasbourg, not a kilometre from this spot. That was ten years after the Franco-Prussian War, which makes me—let me see—fifty-eight.

Although the Germans hadn't been here long then, I was brought up as a German citizen.

Not that I have any blood-ties with the Reich. My family came from Switzerland, like most of the Alsatians, so that makes us more Swiss than anything.

"My brother wouldn't fight; he was shot"

But that did not matter in 1914, when war came. We were all pushed into the German Army.

I fought at Verdun and was wounded—not very badly. I was actually thankful to get out of the horror of it for a bit and think things over in a hospital bed.

We Alsatians did not go into that war with any enthusiasm, I can tell you.

Many of us were shot for refusing to fight—the reason given was that we were French spies. My own brother died that way, although he never did a day's spying in his life, poor fellow.

When the Armistice came we went back to French rule.

No, there were no reprisals against us for having fought in the German Army. None at all. The French left us alone, gave us our own administration, and let us put our own house in order in our own way.

We are grateful for that, and France has no more loyal citizens than us so-called German Alsatians.

My son is serving in the French Army now—and very proud of it he is.

You can get some idea of how glad we were to see the back of the Germans by having a look at the beheaded statues of three German Kaisers on the wall of the Hotel de Ville.

Students cut off their heads the very day that the Germans left Strasbourg. Besides, it's easier to make a decent living to-day under France. There's less taxation, more freedom and time to enjoy yourself.

We don't want to be incorporated in the Reich again, least of all to-day, because we are very happy and prosperous here.

Yes, fifty years ago when I was a boy young Alsatians were not as happy as they are to-day. Now they have a better time. They are given their heads, like French boys, like British boys.

Sometimes, perhaps, they hear of German domination. But they cannot visualise what it would mean.

MAN AT THE PLOUGH

On the hill overlooking Strasbourg Andre steered his plough. Below him the Rhine wound away into the morning mists, with Germany on its far bank.

But Andre is French to the backbone, although, like the butcher, he came from Swiss stock. He speaks French, looks French, and the tidiness of his little farm is typical of France.

Yes, it is all war, war, war.

Where I stamp my clog is the Maginot Line. Underneath us, I mean.

It starts over there by the bridge and runs southward all along France's eastern frontier. You don't get such reminders of war in your country, do you?

My cousin is down there, underneath us, at this very moment. He is an artillery officer. You see, we are more democratic than you English. We draw most of our officers from the ranks, irrespective of their social position.

We know all about your system of reserving high rank for the rich. It is one of the things about you that we wonder at.

This soil, sir, is our family. I mean we are rooted in this particular soil. My father farmed here before me.

He is still alive. He lives in *la petite France*, down there by the canal bridge.

He is very old, of course. He has had his nationality changed no fewer than three times. I myself have been changed twice. I fought for Germany in 1914, although I took care not to fight very hard.

The biggest sign nowadays that Germany is our neighbour is the Nazi propaganda—if you could call it propaganda.

Nobody takes it seriously; it is a great joke with the Alsatians.

"Not that we bear the Germans malice"

The Nazis in Strasbourg have a small paper, the *Elz*, but even those who run it don't want to be in the Reich, and show no pictures of Hitler in their window, or Swastikas either.

Nobody buys the paper. They have to give it away, mostly to the Germans who come in from Kehl every day to work on the docks.

Yes, nearly 700 Germans come daily to work here. Nobody minds that.

Why rob them of their living just because their Government is making itself unpopular?

If only folk would live and let live a little more, then perhaps we could all get on with the real business of living—such as ploughing this land. But it seems they can't.

This is French soil and it always has been at heart. The Germans had no interest in it when they were here. You see those canals down there? Magnificent, aren't they?

Well, until 1920 all that was marshland, a waste. The French reclaimed it all and built those fine waterways.

Not that we bear the Germans any malice. On the contrary. Do you know that nearly every day at least a dozen deserters from the German Army come across that bridge into France?

What happens to them? Nothing. They can stay if they like.

But up to now all of them have enlisted in our Foreign Legion, and gone to Africa.

What risks they run in their search for a little freedom. It makes you wonder whether people in your Britain and my France appreciate their freedom for what it really is—surely one of our biggest treasures.

Do you know, sir, the longer I live the more sure I am that people just want to be left alone. There are one or two people in this world who talk of aims, but whose aims are they? Just their own.

The ordinary people, like me and my father, the ordinary Germans who live over that river—we wouldn't willingly give up a day of our lives for those aims these people bluster about.

AN OLD PEDLAR

My next place of call was Bratislava, in Slovakia. It is dirty, but, having been for 600 years the Coronation City of Hungarian kings, has great architectural beauty.

Worst blot on it is the Ghetto, still grim enough to remind you of the monstrous cruelty from which it originated. And there I met a poor hunted-looking old Jew whose story is so typical of what you hear from the persecuted peoples of Central Europe.

These are terrible days, sir. But my pity is for the young, for the world seems to get worse at so fast a rate.

Older people, like myself, have lived our lives. We mustn't grumble too much at what befalls us. But youth has so many years ahead in which to endure this terrible persecution.

"My pity is for the young"

We have had a bad time. When the Slovaks knew the Germans were on the way to Prague they took all us Jews out of the Ghetto, bundled us into railway trucks and dumped us down in some fields in Ruthenia, near the Hungarian border.

There were no houses for us; we had to find shelter in the shell-holes which have not been filled in since the war. There was very little food, only what we could find in the fields.

The Slovaks would not let us out, and many of us died. Then the territory in which we were was handed over to Hungary.

But that didn't help us, because the Hungarians did not want us either, and they drew back their frontier a little way and left us in a sort of No Man's Land from which neither the Slovaks on the one side nor the Hungarians on the other would let us out.

For months we lived like animals.

PORTANT PEOPLE!

— By —
Lester Powell
who has been travelling through the trouble spots of Europe with a film unit

Food was difficult to find, very difficult. Eventually, when the Germans said that they did not want Slovakia, we were allowed to come back to Bratislava—those of us who were left.

So, I can sell my boot-laces in peace again, for a little while. But I don't mind much what happens to me, I'm an old man, and my life is almost over anyhow.

Besides, my young grandson has been allowed to settle in France, and he is getting along well. *There* is a country where you can live like a human being. And *your* country, too, they tell me.

Ah, what happiness lies in other countries, if all I hear is true. I am told that people don't ask who you are or what you are, just judge you as a man or woman.

It doesn't seem possible. I would go to find out, perhaps, if I was younger. But I am not young.

What is more, Bratislava is my home. Whatever comes, whatever happens, I shall find some happiness in the fact that I am near home.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER

Still Bratislava, but this time I interviewed a Slovak soldier. At least, he wore soldier's uniform, though there was no army for him to serve in!

What I wanted him to tell me was the answer to this question: What have been the feelings between Czechs and Slovaks? Between drinks—for we were sitting outside a café—he told me.

We Slovaks hate the Czechs. We belong to the same family, of course, but hatred exists as much inside a family as outside, doesn't it? Perhaps more so.

The Czechs got all the plums after the war, and what happened to us? We were conscripted into the army, and, generally speaking, given all the rough and dirty work to do.

Now the Germans have swallowed up the Czechs—and I can't help feeling sorry for them.

Still, we've got to be thankful to Hitler for freeing us from them, although we don't happen to trust him much, either.

On the whole, we'd much rather be under Hungary, as we used to be before.

A soldier gets a decent time in the Hungarian army, good pay, good quarters and the respect of the people, particularly the women. But as for this place—Pouff!

Now, I have no army to serve. When the Germans took Prague the army leaders were—well—your guess is as good as mine about what happened to them.

"I've done nothing but drill and expect war

So, I'm still wearing my uniform and waiting to see what happens.

I don't know whether people of your race could quite understand people like us.

I would have liked to study law. I used to read quite a lot in the hope that I'd be able to. But nobody ever wanted me as anything but a soldier. So a soldier I had to be.

I've never done anything but drill and drill and expect war. Except, sometimes, to sit and drink. Shall we have another now?

I don't want to fight anybody. Never did. I'd like a job and a home and a family better than anything in the world—but all you get in this country, nowadays, is such a feeling of insecurity that you say to yourself—at least I do—"Better to sit and drink."

Still, sometimes I dream of a world where there are no frontiers, no frontier problems, and no narrow nationalities—a world, in short, where we are all brothers.

It seems crazy, when I'm in that mood, that just because I was born a few miles away from another man I must hate him all my life—and that he must be trained to hate me.

It seems crazy, too, that I should have to spend my whole life training to destroy instead of to build up.

If only ordinary folk like those I know around me had their say there would be no killing.

Still, I think like that only occasionally. Mostly, these days, I try not to think at all.

A FARMER'S WIFE

I spoke to a housewife next. It was in Beregsazs, a village in Ruthenia, where the racial and political problems are so involved that even the barest outlines make your head spin.

The speaker is the wife of a tenant farmer:

Life is very strange, isn't it? Here we are in Ruthenia. Before we were on what was the Czechoslovak-Hungarian border.

The actual border line ran down our main street, and all sorts of worrying incidents occurred which people said were efforts to cause trouble so that Germany could interfere.

One was more than worrying, I am afraid. It happened last December.

A band of young hooligans calling themselves the Hungarian Free Corps came into the village and murdered the Czech policeman.

It is said they were in the pay of Germany, and had been sent here to make incidents to please the Germans.

I don't know about that, but while they were here it wasn't safe to go out into the streets, as the Czech soldiers had come to get rid of them and bullets were flying about all day.

One day my little daughter, aged eight, got out of the house without my knowing, and before I could get her back she was killed by a stray bullet.

When we asked to have her buried they refused, because the graveyard of the village was on the Czech side of the border and we live on the other. We had to make a temporary grave for her, and then when the Hungarians took over the village in March we were allowed to give her a proper burial.

But we had to wait for three months; it nearly broke my heart.

It is bad enough to have a daughter murdered, but not being

"Some say one man is responsible"

allowed to give her a proper burial is a very dreadful thing.

[Hungarian peasants attach great importance to burials, and the celebrations accompanying them sometimes go on for as long as four days. Editor.]

There was a time when such things never happened here. Those days have gone, I am afraid. Some say that one man is responsible. It seems impossible that one man can make such a difference.

I don't know anything about it, of course. I only understand my home, our land.

At one time every year was pretty well like every other. You sowed your seed and you gathered in your crops.

The only difference was that some years the crops were big, and you felt happy, and at other times they were small, and you felt sad. That's what we called worry then.

Now we know what real worry is.

We sow our seed and we wonder, as we do so, "Who will gather the crop? Will it be us? And, if not, who will it be?"

What will have happened to our country, our children, everything we hold dear?

In the terrible uncertainty of today none of us knows anything of the future.

AND THE TOWNSMAN

Last of all, Hungary. And this time I spoke to somebody very different from the simple, unsophisticated folk whose views I have just given. He was a charming, dashing young man-about-town—the town in this case being gay Budapest.

No, I must not talk politics. Being employed by the Ministry of Agriculture you will, I am sure, see why.

Besides, I have learned it is safer not to express opinions.

Not that there is any danger of being extinguished if you don't agree with the Government. Simply that it is a short cut to insanity to try to keep abreast of political thought here in Budapest.

We have a joke about the Hungarian Government changing twice nightly. Actually it changes at least once a month.

It doesn't affect me, of course. I am still paid whatever Government is in power. Which is just as well, for, as you must know, Hungarians love pleasure, and our chief job is having a good time.

When Admiral Horthy became Regent of Hungary after the war he did not wish to be a politician, but only the guardian of the people, and his first concern is always our happiness.

A little while ago he was attending a gala performance at the Opera.

When he entered his box the national anthem was played, and just as everyone was settling down in their seats two young men in the gallery shouted "Heil, Hitler!"

The Regent, although seventy-five years of age, left his box, raced up two flights of stairs and slapped both the young men soundly across the face.

"You are trying to ruin our country," he said, indignantly, and went back to his box.

What spirit! And that is how we all look upon the Nazis here.

But the propaganda still goes on.

That's one thing I cannot understand about you Britons—you have no propaganda here, and yet the Englishman is the ideal of every Hungarian.

And if only your people would do something to get rid of these meddlesome Nazis. . . .

"Get rid of these meddlesome Nazis"

Everyone speaks English here. It is taught in the schools, you know. And yet the only English paper in Budapest deals with books and paintings.

You are a funny people, you British!

"I helped Mr. Bryce get 'im on the sofa. An' I must say 'e looked a sight"

At Mrs. Fluke's — 4

"Never touch nothin' as an 'eathen gentleman leaves be'ind," said the old landlady—And she had a good reason for her advice. By

B. L. JACOT

LIFE in the RAW

MRS. FLUKE straightened up her generous, matronly figure after poking a duster-covered broom over the gleaming linoleum under the second-floor-front's neat divan bed.

Her little Burmese gentleman, after a twelve months' stay, had that morning vacated the room in favour of a cabin in a P. and O. boat bound for the Orient and that mud hut or nest in the tree-tops Mrs. Fluke imagined would be the home of a heathen gentleman from the other side of the world.

Later in the day a Japanese was moving in—not much time was wasted at No. 9, Orsetto Road, and with the eager help of Annie, the maid, Mrs. Fluke was seeing to it that not a speck of dust or stray collar-stud should besmirch the reputation of her spotless boarding-house.

The landlady, puffing gently, was just in time now to catch sight of Annie fingering a bottle of what looked like toilet water left behind on the mantelpiece.

"Leave that lay, m'dear," she called. "I'm putting that straight in the dustbin. You never can't tell what a dark-faced gentleman will 'ave in a bottle.

"Never touch nothin' as an 'eathen gentleman leaves be'ind—not if it's in a bottle."

Collecting her brooms and polish, the landlady picked the bottle up and sniffed at it warily. A couple of inches of pinkish fluid coloured the bottom, and she shook her head knowingly at the absence of smell or label.

"Straight into the dustbin, dear!" she repeated. "I was bit once, as you might say. Never again!"

"No'm," Annie agreed. Upstairs was done, and with only the lunch to prepare down in the snug basement kitchen the orphan disciple of Mrs. Fluke expected a story to go with the scraping of the carrots and peeling of the potatoes.

She was right: Mrs. Fluke was never at a loss for a reminiscence recalled from the rich store with which her many and very varied lodgers had endowed her, and with the bottle safely dropped into the bin, the landlady's eye took on that comfortable, gossipy glint.

"IT was afore your time, dear," Mrs. Fluke began. "I had a Chinese gentleman wot 'ad come from America—so 'e said—and a nice-mannered, easy-going gent 'e was, too, and took the first-floor-front for two months and no trouble at all.

"You'd think we'd be able to buy a tater as we could scrape, wouldn't you? Cutting 'arf the taters away in peel at this time of the year! I don't know what things are coming to."

"No'm," Annie agreed. "Did he leave you a bottle when he went?"

Mrs. Fluke inclined her chubby head. There was (she said) a lot o' oddments 'e left be'ind, and among them was a bottle of wot 'e said was Chinese brandy.

Like a fool, I tried it, after I'd laid it by for a week or two an' almost forgotten all about it. Arackey, or something, 'e called it. My! I should 'a put it in the dustbin! Not that it burnt my throat out or anything. It tasted smooth enough, but did I come over queer? It was soon after my late lamented 'ad passed over and I was all on my own.

I thought I was going to die, not bein' able to stand on my feet or think straight! Yes—it gave me quite a fright, it did. But I'm not telling you about arackey, or whatever it is — although, you mark my words, Annie, it just shows you that there's a lot you can learn, and get to know about 'uman nature.

Young folks don't know everything, and when you've lived as long as I've lived, and seen life like I 'ave—you get to know things as others don't.

Well, just before this time I was telling you about we'd 'ad one of the nicest gents I've ever cared for living 'ere. 'E wasn't so old, but 'e looked it, if you know what I mean? And 'e was one of the first four lodgers I started with after my late lamented passed on.

A quiet, well-behaved, respectful young man 'e was, with a very good position in the City as confidential clerk to a gentleman as thought a lot of 'im, but 'e was that shy you'd 'ardly believe it. You could hardly get 'im to talk to anyone!

WIDGEON was 'is name and 'e was punctual and regular as clockwork about everything, and neat! It was a pleasure to do for 'im, I can tell you!

Everything 'e spent 'e wrote in a book, and 'e was saving good money, I know. That Mr. Widgeon was a serious young man—and I've seen plenty as ain't, so I ought to know.

My top-back in those days was a medical student, name of Bryce, an' 'e was a gay young spark, joking about Mr. Widgeon and his solemn ways, but never any ill-feelin' about it. No, they was quite friendly, those two, only Mr. Bryce reckoned 'e knew all about women, bein' red-headed and a medical and 'avin' a nice smile.

You could never imagine Mr. Widgeon talkin' to a girl. You could easy see 'e was scared to death of anything in skirts, unless they was old enough to be 'is mother—like me.

You could 'a knocked me down with a feather when Mr. Widgeon give me notice an' after about half an hour's beating round the bush I found out it was on account of 'is getting *married*!

Mr. Bryce found out all about it and quite a romance it was. The girl, Mr. Bryce said (and 'e claimed to 'ave followed 'em and seen 'er), was a beauty. Black hair and black eyes and trim as they come.

She was furrin, coming from the South of France, and Mr. Widgeon 'ad met 'er at business and plucked up 'is courage, I suppose, and spoken to 'er.

Anyway, she wasn't goin' back to France and was stoppin' in England to marry Mr. Widgeon. An' from the shy way 'e wouldn't talk about it you'd a thought that Mr. Widgeon was ashamed of it!

Well, 'e got married somewheres—I 'ad to miss the weddin', not 'aving any particulars in spite of all I could 'int—and the two of them 'ad a flat Chelsea way, so I 'eard.

It seemed that Mr. Widgeon 'adn't no people livin'—and maybe that was what made 'im so shy, not 'aving 'ad a mother to mother 'im.

Truest word that was ever spoken is that a boy's best friend is 'is mother! But jes you try to get a boy to believe it!

'E must 'a been married about a couple of months when a Reverend Taylor I 'ad at the time in the first front—this old gentleman meets 'im in the street, and 'e told me afterwards it was easy to see that all was not well.

Mr. Widgeon 'as a worried look and over a cup of coffee with the Reverend Taylor the young man confesses that 'e doesn't think 'is marriage is going very well.

Now, Mr. Widgeon was a good-looking young man and a boy no one could help bein' fond of. 'E was daft about this furrin girl and the girl was silly about 'im—that I did know for a fact.

But this Mr. Widgeon was a very neat and tidy boy, who liked things just so, the way 'e'd straighten them or tidy them *'imself*. It didn't take Reverend Taylor long to find out that this flashing-eyed 'Ortense that 'e'd married wanted to wear the trousers, buying 'is shirts and 'is ties, and tellin' 'im wot to wear and wot not to wear.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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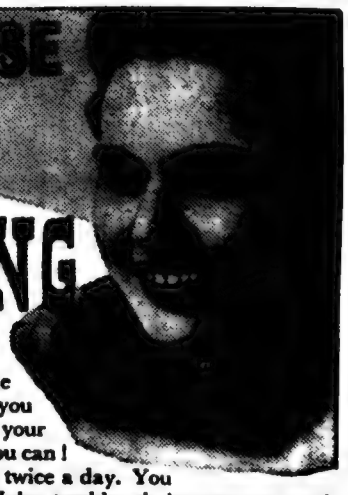

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Continued

Life in the Raw

Some women are like that—particularly when they're fond of anyone. Possessive, they call it, so I've 'eard.

Well, Mr. Widgeon 'ad 'ad 'is first row! And 'e thought the end of the world 'ad come. 'E broke down and confessed to the Reverend Taylor that 'e'd said things in temper to 'er 'as 'e regretted bitter. An' she'd said things to 'im, too, by the sound of it.

"Mrs. Fluke," the Reverend says to me, "I was 'appily able to put 'im at ease and quell 'is fears. 'E 'ad put 'is trust in me and I was able to guide 'im.

"I told 'im to go and buy some flowers, a large, expensive bowkey of choice blooms, and take them home with him this evening, together with a hextravvergunt box of choclits, for," the Reverend explains, "the more hextravvergunt the peace offering the more the recipient considers the other thinks of 'er.

"I tole the young man, Mrs. Fluke," 'e says to me, "to 'umble 'imself before the lady, letting 'er know 'ow precious she is to 'im. Thus will true love be restored."

WHEN the Reverend goes off up to 'is room, sighin' and smilin' to 'imself, that Mr. Bryce as I was telling you about makes a point o' catching my eye and grinning. But I took no notice of 'im on account of 'im thinkin' 'e knows all about 'uman nature and women—which is the same thing, reelly.

"I've seen the lady," he calls after me, "A bunch o' flowers——"

"You know too much," I says. "Or think you do."

"I know better than a bunch of flowers, anyway," he says. "Anyone'd think you wanted to smash up the happy 'ome."

Well, it wasn't no more than a day or two later Mr. Widgeon called round at the 'ouse 'ere to see 'is friend Mr. Bryce. I was out at the picshures, but I 'eard wot 'appened from Mr. Bryce when I got 'ome.

IT seemed Mr. Widgeon's wife took one look at the flowers and the choclits and let out a scream, claimin' 'e'd done something to be ashamed of with another woman.

An' nothing would stop 'er believin' 'e been carrying on with someone. When 'e wouldn't tell 'er the name she shut 'erself up in the bedroom an' wouldn't let 'im come near 'er. 'E'd been gettin' 'is own meals and sleepin' on the sofa ever since.

"O' course," Mr. Bryce said, "I put 'im right. Mind you, I 'ad to argue with 'im. You'd never believe the ideas 'e 'ad about women. It wasn't until 'e'd 'ad a couple of drinks——"

"Mr. Widgeon don't drink," I says, sharp.

"'E does now!" Mr. Bryce grins. "E's 'ad a couple of stiff ones an' 'e's another man. 'E's gone orf 'ome to act on *my* advice."

"Wot 'ave you been telling 'im?" I asks.

"I told 'im to use caveman stuff. Tell 'er where she gets orf, and bring in the strong arm with it. That'll make 'er respect 'im as a man, see? They all like it, reelly. Or else why is 'e the man, eh?"

"You think you know everything," I told him.

"I wasn't born yesterday," he said. "Not where the women are concerned."

Next morning I had the fright of my life. They sent up to me sayin' someone wanted to see me about taking a room and when I got down there in the 'all was Mr. Bryce talking to a stranger wot 'ad 'ad an accident.

'Is 'ead was bandaged and there was sticking-plaster along one side of 'is face as if 'e'd scraped arf of it orf. When 'e turned to talk to me I saw one of 'is eyes was purple raw, and I thought they'd just brought 'im in from a motor crash, or something.

"Mrs. Fluke——" 'e begins, and I almost dropped.

It was Mr. Widgeon and 'e tried to tell me something about falling down the cellar steps. It turned out 'e wanted a room again, regular. It didn't take me long to get out of 'im that 'is wife 'ad turned 'im out for good. 'Is 'eart was almost broke, but 'e didn't seem to bear no malice against 'is friend Mr. Bryce.

I give that Mr. Bryce one look, and it was sufficient. 'E didn't deserve a friend like Mr. Widgeon.

"You took a drink last night, Mr. Widgeon," I said to 'im. "You should ought to take another now, while I think a bit. Don't you worry," I said to 'im. "'Uman nature's 'uman nature all over the world. Some folks reckons they knows everything," I said, "but others is a bit older. Leave this to me now, will you?"

'E JUST sits there lookin' miserable as sin, and I was sorry for 'im, that *is* a fact. "Run along into the kitchen," I told 'im, "and up on the dresser you'll see a bottle of brandy. Pour yourself a drink while I see what I can do."

"What are *you* goin' to do?" Mr. Bryce asks, sulky-like.

"The course o' true love never run smooth," I says. "The rougher the dearer, as my late lamented used to say. Don't you ask me no questions and I won't tell you no lies."

Just then Mr. Widgeon comes out of the kitchen wiping 'is mouth, and my eyes almost pop out when I see 'e's holdin' that bottle I told you about—arackey—as the Chinese gentleman left ma. "I feel very queer, Mrs. Fluke, 'e says in a sleepy voice. "I can hear bells ringin' and things are swimming about. . . ."

Mrs. Fluke flipped the last potato into the pot and waddled to the dresser to add a lump of salt. "It just shows you, Annie," she pointed out. "You can't go against 'uman nature, and that's life without the trimmings. I could 'a told 'em a thing or two in the first place."

"Yes'm," Annie agreed, sliding the pot on to the hot-plate and untying her kitchen apron.

"I helped Mr. Bryce get 'im on to the sofa," the landlady added. "An' I must say 'e looked a sight with the whites of his eyes showing and the colour gorn from 'is face, and all those bandages. I expect you want to know what 'appened about 'is wife, don't you?"

"YES'M," agreed Annie.

"She come round like a fire engine," Mrs. Fluke explained. "Only she was in a taxi. 'Uman nature, it was. I telephoned to 'er and told 'er 'er 'usband was took seriously ill, and then she *'ad* to think.

"That's what I call gettin' away from the trimmings. When a body thinks she's *reelly* going to lose someone—well, she was cooing over 'im and cryin' over 'im and you could 'ardly pull 'er orf 'im when the doctor arrived.

"An' a very nice little warm-'earted woman, I'd call 'er. 'Er 'eart was in the right place, no error! Took 'im 'ome later, and the last I 'eard of 'em they was happy as sandboys together. Both knew where they was, so to speak."

Mrs. Fluke glanced at the clock. "Better get the fish on, dear," she decided. "Yes. Quite a romance. And the doctor said it was shock! I'd 'ave liked to give 'im a drink of that shock, too. That'd 'ave taught 'im something. But it only shows you you can't be too careful about bottles these 'eathen gentlemen leave be'ind them when they go. Straight into the dustbin, I say. Never you touch anything a dark-faced gentleman has in a bottle!"

"No'm," agreed Annie as she reached the halibut out of the refrigerator.

The Heaman Machine

PLAY TO the RULES

TWO plus two equal four. That is a statement we all accept as true. A great deal of life is based on the principle that underlies that statement.

Yet, although it works, it is an extraordinarily difficult thing to prove. No one except a first-class mathematician could even attempt the proof.

And right through your life you will find that you are required to take a good deal for granted if you are to behave rationally and calmly and sanely.

There are a whole lot of rules and precepts that we just have to acknowledge as facts if we are to succeed in living satisfactorily.

Given time and patience and immense knowledge, it would be possible to prove their soundness, but life's too short. We've got to accept them as axioms, and try to act on them.

What are they—or at any rate some of them? Well, the first is that we must keep our heads in emergencies.

Life is just one unexpected thing after another, and the better man is the man who refuses to get rattled, the man who sees and observes and thinks before he acts.

Decision, based on knowledge and a little forethought, is worth all the mad panic in the world.

Next we must believe, and really believe, that good is more powerful than ill. We must not only believe it as a theory; we must believe it as a way of living. We must always seek the highest and the best, no matter what the cost.

And we must always believe that what we think and do matters.

We mustn't complacently leave our destinies to the keeping of someone else. We must realise that there are many sides to every question, and many points of view: but we must never forget that ours is one of the many.

We must never be afraid to put it forward.

There are plenty more: but if we all pursued these three we should help to move the world a long way towards a satisfactory solution of its problems.

The daily use of WRIGLEY'S GUM provides much-needed beneficial exercise for your teeth and gums, thus helping to maintain a normal, healthy condition and brightening your teeth in Nature's way. Doctors and dentists recommend it.
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HIMROD'S CURE

The HUMAN ELEMENT

Gesticulating wildly, signalling, shouting words we could not possibly hear, he was trying to attract attention

"WIND UP?" enquired Pilot Officer McLeod cheerfully as I stepped into parachute harness for the first time.

"In a blue funk!" I confessed as I eyed Bomber Z.5599. We were just ready to take off, and one after another mechanics, riggers, fitters, navigation and expert aircraftmen signed their certificates of airworthiness.

There was nothing to fear from the machine, at any rate. I was going up in the fastest, most perfectly constructed 'plane the world has yet seen.

An all-steel giant with twin engines of immense power, she carried two machine-guns and well over a ton of bombs. She was perfect.

I cannot tell you about my job with the squadron. Naturally, that is an official secret, but I can tell you how it nearly came to a sudden end. Who knows, it may save others from the scare of their lives!

And if, in telling the yarn, I show how a comparatively slight lapse of memory came near to sending three of us to an early death, then let me plead for Scrubbs that, as we afterwards discovered, he was in great distress because of some domestic worry.

Scrubbs was one of several aircraftmen responsible for the maintenance of Bomber Aircraft Z.5599.

From early dawn, with his mates, he had been busy tuning engines, mounting guns, adjusting controls, fixing bombs into racks, fitting gas-detectors, and testing delicate instruments. Those were a few of his hundred-and-one routine tasks.

A faint knock in the starboard engine had been remedied, a reluctant retractable undercarriage had been made to operate smoothly, and a tardy aileron was put right.

Climbing into my seat by the pilot's side, I glanced at the "watchmaker's shop" array of recording dials.

From sun-compass to hot-air pressure gauge, all were there to guide us on our four hours' trip above the highest layer of cloud. Our 'plane was ready to take off in the fifth flight of three machines.

I had instructions not to talk to my pilot, but to obey orders instantly and without question. If there came an emergency—well, I knew vaguely how to manage my parachute.

"LUCKY kite ours," remarked McLeod as we waited for the signal.

"Not supposed to be," I replied.

"Rot, tommy rot! Tomlinson landed on one wheel all right, and Roberts smashed a workman's hut on the corner of the aerodrome, but no casualties. You'll see."

McLeod was an experienced pilot, knowing precisely what to do if things went wrong. If, for instance, one engine failed, he would report by short-wave length wireless to his Flight Leader, and receive instructions either to land, to return to base, or to continue at reduced speed.

A pilot's nightmare—if he has one—is both engines "cutting out" over a crowded city or in the hills—not that that is likely with a modern bomber.

"It won't happen to us—touch wood," said McLeod, watching the petrol gauge recording the gallon-a-minute consumption as we taxied out to take our place in formation.

As a matter of fact, we hadn't the slightest doubts about our machine. With a ton or more of high explosive under the quivering fuselage, we didn't want any. A sharp jolt, let alone a "crash," would have been most unpleasant.

McLeod had nerves of steel, for which I felt profoundly thankful. There was a calm, matter-of-fact confidence about him which was comforting. I was just thinking about it when . . .

SUDDENLY he swore and changed his taxi-ing course. Across our path ahead, flushed, hatless, and breathless, ran one of our aircraftmen. It was Scrubbs.

Gesticulating wildly, signalling, shouting words we could not possibly hear, he was trying to attract attention.

In the terrific rush of air from the screws of the three great bombers he was in terrible danger. He might be sucked in and cut to pieces. Yet he stood there, waving, screaming.

"The fool's gone raving mad," muttered McLeod as he glanced at the other two bombers. Then, swerving at sixty miles an hour, he avoided the fellow.

Reluctantly he throttled down, slewed the 'plane from its path and pulled up.

Aircraftman Scrubbs dashed up, breathless and trembling.

"The petrol," he gasped, "we forgot the petrol."

The frown disappeared from McLeod's face.

"The hell you did!" he said. "Well, we nearly chewed you up for it."

"My missus—she's ill, and I was worried—I forgot to——"

"Oh, the human element!" McLeod laughed cheerily. "I'm sorry, Scrubbs."

"Sir, you'd have all . . ."

No need to finish the sentence. We knew what he meant. And when we found we had less than 40 gallons in our twin tanks instead of 200 we knew what torture he'd suffered.

The bowser came over, filled the tanks, and soon we were up with the rest of the squadron.

Half-way across the Irish Sea McLeod grinned and pointed down to the sun-splashed water. Then he leaned over.

"Forty gallons. We've just used it now. Lucky kite Z.5599."

Reader's Story

by

H. SUTTON

8, Kirkman Place, W.1

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THERE are few prettier cottages in the Midlands than the Little House in the Woods.

Few cottages more economical to run, either. For, to begin with, fuel costs are practically nil.

The husband and wife who share that home can collect all the logs and kindling necessary for the next day's fires during the course of a ten minutes' walk.

For years the occupants of the Little House in the Woods have enjoyed these excursions—and not till the other day did anything happen to mar one.

Then, looking from the surrounding woods towards their picturesque home, they saw with horror that smoke was pouring from its windows!

They rushed up to discover that the sitting-room was choked with smoke and that flames had even spread outwards from the hearth to the window curtains.

There was a call for all hands to the buckets—and neighbours rallied to the spot to help. Within half an hour that little home had been saved.

Saved with the exception of the ruined furnishings in the burnt-out sitting-room. And JOHN BULL saw to that.

Because the householder had taken the precaution of qualifying for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance gift—a signature is all that is wanted—we paid for those furnishings.

Yes, your signature is all that we want. On a coupon, and such a readily available coupon, too. You can find it *now* on page 2.

THE VACANCY HAS BEEN FILLED

Joan's qualifications for the job were *exactly* right. Her experience had been *exactly* on the right lines, yet after quite a successful interview, the job had gone to another applicant. Actually her handwriting lost the day. Untidy, straggling, very difficult to read, showing apparently both lack of character and lack of care. Yet Joan *really* writes quite a clear, firm pleasing hand. Only she never seems to hit on the right pen—and the wrong pen will ruin anyone's writing.

Moral. Write all letters, envelopes, labels, directions, etc., with a Stephens' lifetime fountain pen, chosen to suit your own particular hand. Stephens' pens are precise and perfect writing instruments of fine appearance. They have the simplest filling device in the world. Priced from one guinea to 5/6 each. For swift, clear permanent writing use Stephens' blue-black ink in your Stephens' pen.

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FREE GUIDES to any of these districts and "Cheap Fares" Booklet with pleasure from your nearest L M S Station, Office or Agency. Buy also a copy of "Holidays by L M S" 6d. It contains numerous addresses at which to stay in all these holiday districts.

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THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS

HUMANIST'S PAGE

Children bring happiness and make marriage worth while

"I HAVE often read your advice not to marry unless you are both in love with one another, but I think it would be better to marry without love."

That letter from a woman surprised me when I first saw it. I read on:

"Then, when your partner hurts you, you won't feel the pain so much. I wonder whether other people have ever felt as I do?"

The woman then tells me about her married life. Apparently it was a love-match and was happy at first; but the husband has been flirting with a girl he meets at dances and, of course, the gossips have not failed to inform the wife.

They have probably added a few embellishments to the story: they usually do.

So now the wife is terribly unhappy, because she still loves her husband, and she realises that if she did not care she would not suffer as she does.

An Indian woman wrote me recently about this very question. "In England," she said, "people marry because they love, but in my country they love because they marry."

I doubt whether we can grasp that point of view. We can't make ourselves love because it is a duty to do so.

In India parents arrange the weddings and the young men and women obey orders. They then proceed to fall in love, because that is expected of them!

The fact that a man and woman have fallen in love is no guarantee that the marriage will be enduringly happy, but in our country it seems to be an excellent reason for marrying.

The truth is, I believe, that many men would not marry at all if they did not first fall in love.

Why should they? Financially they are likely to be worse off; they will have greater responsibilities; they have much to lose.

But once they have fallen in love they will never be happy till they are married.

The same applies to a great many young women who give up a career, freedom from responsibilities, and the satisfaction of having their own money for life's minor pleasures.

A young man has just written to me about the pros and cons of matrimony:

"I have been courting now for two years and intend getting married this summer. The trouble is that two years ago I wanted to marry, but now—well, I simply don't know.

"When I think of the lack of money, my lost freedom, the inevitable monotony after the first year or so, the knowledge that I should have to be careful for the rest of my life, the tiffs and making-up afterwards, squalling children, and such things as 'Can I have an ice-cream, Mummy?' 'We really must get a new stair carpet, dear,' and 'Can I afford a holiday this year?' . . . well, I stop and think again.

"If you are a family man you will know all these things. I happen to know them because I have a married brother and his life gives me a pretty fair impression of what things will be like.

"Is marriage worth all this? Sometimes I think not. If it would mean happiness, how eager I should be; but if it is to mean regret how quickly I should draw back, even at this late hour."

Well, that is only the beginning of the letter, which goes on, page after page, enumerating all the possible disadvantages of married life.

In fact, the man is in a bit of a panic about it! One does read of bridegrooms vanishing on the eve of marriage, and I imagine they feel very much as this young man does.

He ought to realise that his wife-to-be is taking similar chances with him. He may be the guilty partner if the marriage is not a success. He may create the tiffs and all the unhappiness. Of course, there is always a risk. One can't take a big step like matrimony without realising that.

But if his mind is preoccupied with weighing up the arguments for and against I don't think he is very seriously in love. He is too much like the Chancellor trying to balance the Budget.

"Perfect love casteth out fear." All the little doubts and apprehensions are cast to the four winds. Even if the love is less than perfect it will do that.

A man may be miserable at times when he is married, but he will be far more miserable if he does not marry, and, knowing that, he faces the bridal music.

There are others, however who from the day they first meet never have the faintest shadow of doubt about their happiness together . . . but then, these people don't write to me about their problems. They haven't any!

From marriage we naturally pass on to children. I received this letter the other day:

"I noticed this motto printed in large letters in front of a church: *'Parents' lives are their children's copybooks.'*

"In some cases this may be true, but many parents will agree with me that very often it is not true at all.

"We have a grown-up family and it grieves us to see that they are very different from what their early training intended them to be. They do not 'copy' our lives at all.

"From our first years of married life my wife and I have been fond of gardening, birds, etc., but our children are not in the least interested.

"The parent of to-day apparently has to tolerate the modern ideas of the children or else have the heartbreak of their leaving home."

That wayside pulpit text is more significant than may appear at first glance. Copybooks have gone out of fashion nowadays.

Years ago teachers tried (quite vainly) to make all their pupils write alike, but it could not be done. The handwriting was part of the child's character—part of himself.

The teacher to-day does not expect a uniform standard. He asks for neatness, legibility, and a certain amount of speed; but the style is individual.

If children are to copy their parents' behaviour, allowances must be made for their individual natures. They cannot be merely "copies."

There are too many other influences at work in the street, the playing-fields, the cinema, the club, the school.

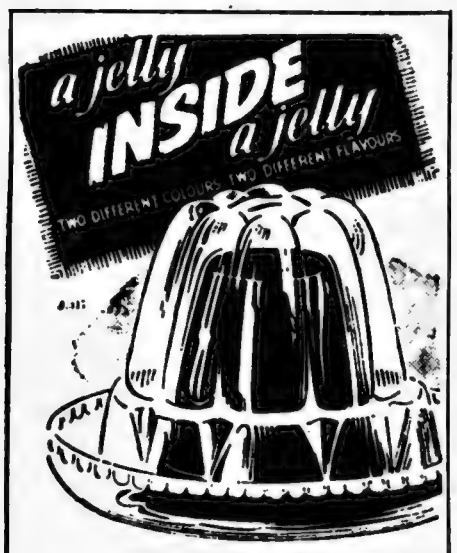
The children belong to a different generation. They cannot be exact replicas of their parents.

Surely fathers and mothers of to-day must remember how they disagreed with their parents years ago?

And is it not likely that their children's children will be different in still other ways?

HUMANIST

Invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.



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Two packets of Chivers Jellies.
(Lemon, Grape Fruit, Greengage or Lime for outside.)
(Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry or Damson for inside.)

Make lemon jelly as directed on packet and set about one inch in bottom of mould. When set stand a thin bottomed tumbler, half filled with cold water on this and pour remaining cool lemon jelly around tumbler. Make up raspberry jelly and allow to cool. Replace cold water in tumbler with fairly warm water and gently remove tumbler. Fill cavity with cool raspberry jelly, turn out when thoroughly set. Any remaining jelly may be chopped and used for decorating.

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HINTS, TIPS *and* Useful Things to KNOW

by Molly Montague

I AM very pleased to be with the readers of "John Bull" once more, with my page of hints, tips, and useful things to know—and, of course, another splendid free offer for all my readers and friends. First, here is a very useful home aid which you ought to keep for reference, as it deals with one of those minor domestic misfortunes that arise in the best-regulated families, namely:—

EMERGENCY APPLICATION FOR BURNS: Contrary to popular belief, oil or grease is not the best emergency application for burns. If tannic acid (or strong cold tea, which is a good rough-and-ready substitute) is not available, an application of bicarbonate of soda, moistened to a paste with water, will be found to give immediate relief. This remedy is widely used by printers and mechanics whose trade involves the handling of hot metals. But to be "caught out" on such occasions is a sign of unpreparedness, which I am sure no housewife who reads this feature would tolerate! A small first-aid outfit should always be at hand—not elaborately and expensively equipped, but at least sufficient to be of use in an emergency.

TO CLEAN A SILVER TEAPOT: Why is it that one's favourite silver teapot always becomes coated inside with tannin just before an important tea-party? Here's a quick and easy way to clean it, without hard work or scouring. Put a large handful of soda into the pot, fill with boiling water, and let stand until quite cool. Pour away the water and the pot will then be quite clean, unless it was really very dirty—in which case a second treatment will do the trick. Needless to say, a good rinse with clean water is advisable before making the tea!

My free gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago and similar ills.

COVERS FOR OLD FURNITURE: When some of us look round on our well-worn furniture and sigh for a new suite, which the exchequer will not permit, a complete change in the appearance of a room can be made by having a set of loose covers for the armchairs and settee. When buying new covers it is a good idea to buy sufficient material to make head and arm rests, because light patterns quickly become soiled where the hands or brilliantined heads rest. These extra head and arm rests can be fixed in position with press studs, so that they can quickly be removed, washed and put in position again. I know of nothing more cheering than a new set of loose covers.

MARKS ON POLISHED TABLES: And whilst on the subject of furniture, have you ever experienced disaster in the shape of hot-plate marks on your best polished table? The trouble can be removed by applying spirits of camphor very lightly with a clean soft rag. Then polish with a soft duster. Should the treated part appear duller than the rest of the table, the polish can be restored by the use of some good furniture cream.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT. I wonder how many cartons of cream get spilled because people do not know how to open them? Must be thousands. I, for one, was always foozling this simple operation until I was shown just how it should be done.

First of all get a reasonably sharp knife. Then cut vertically downwards from the top of the brim to the lid—about a quarter of an inch—then do the same thing again about half to three-quarters of an inch away to the side of the first cut. Now press the part between the cut outwards and downwards so that the edge of the lid is exposed to view. Now insert the tip of the knife between the lip and the lid and gently prise it up. You will never spill or splash the cream if you do it this way. How simple!—and how silly it seems not to have thought of it before!

WHEN HAMMERING NAILS: There's nothing more painful than hammering a thumb while trying to hammer a nail! Next time you have any odd jobs to do about the house, try sticking the nail through a piece of stout cardboard and holding it with this; and "mis-hits" can then do no damage!

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY: And, talking of nails and "screws," this is the season when thousands of sufferers are racked by aches and pains due to some form of rheumatism. No one has ever been able to compute the financial loss, and suffering, caused by various forms of this ailment—though authorities all agree that it must total, in money alone, millions of pounds per annum!

I have told you before of the wonderful cures which I have heard of, even among the small circle of my personal friends, through the use of a simple remedy known as "CURICONES." It has earned the written praise of many eminent medical men, the approval of over 6,000 doctors, including a Harley Street Specialist, who have pronounced the capsules to be of inestimable value in the treatment of rheumatic disorders such as rheumatism itself, arthritis, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis and swollen joints. I have in the past by courtesy of the actual makers, been able to offer "John Bull" readers a generous free sample supply—and I am sure that this offer must have opened the way to relief and new joy of living for thousands.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

You know that both in the information and in my special offers, I always try to give you something that will be of real help and value. I can think of no better turn to do my many pen-friends than to repeat this Rheumatism offer once more—so, by filling in the Shopping Coupon at the end of this article, you will receive a generous Trial Sample free and post free, plus an explanatory booklet, which every Rheumatic sufferer should read at once!

The chronic sufferer, who has tried many remedies and ended by the conviction that nothing is likely to do good—well, I cannot speak from personal experience, but I can testify to the thousands who have expressed gratitude for astonishing relief brought by "CURICONES."

So at least my offer seems well worth the risk of a halfpenny stamp, which is all that it will cost if the coupon is sent in an open envelope! Act now, and obtain relief from your rheumatic affliction.

I hope to be with you again soon, and to hear in the meantime of further wonderful results from the use of "Curicones."

MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. J.B.9,
19, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send me free of charge the "Curicones" sample and booklet you offer.

Name .....

Address .....

(J.B.) .....

A silly little pin-prick . . .

the merest trace

of dirt . . a swollen

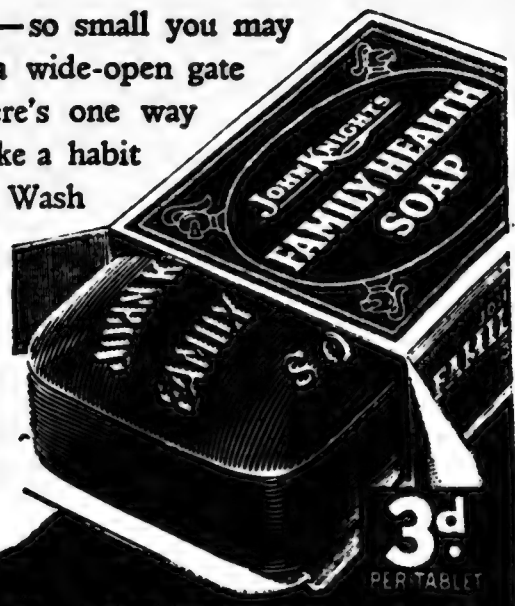
poisoned finger . .

a lost job . .

Your surest protection against dirt-bred germs is to use Family Health Soap daily!

(J.B.)

A tiny break in the skin—so small you may not even notice it—is a wide-open gate for dirt infection. There's one way to avoid the danger. Make a habit of sensible precautions. Wash often with Family Health Soap. That foamy, antiseptic lather sweeps away the dirt and dirt-bred germs. See that there's a tablet by the wash-basin always—make every wash a protection!



3d. PER TABLET

FAMILY HEALTH
THE SAFETY SOAP
MAKES EVERY WASH A PROTECTION!

KH 39-501

SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

There's No Job Too Big for Man!

Here you see Boulder Dam, mightiest water power scheme in the world. For more than 20 years it was only a dream. Now scientists plan to drain the Mediterranean. They say they can do it. Is their project more than a dream?

IN army headquarters of the Great Powers military chiefs move flags over the map of the Mediterranean — Sea of Destiny.

They record troop and fleet movements, counter coups that never come.

And in peaceful laboratories scientists pore over graphs and charts. Unhurriedly they plan—to sweep the Mediterranean out of existence.

Theirs is no idle dream. As facts are massed, experiments completed, these scientists realise they can juggle with geography. They can change the face of the world—given time and peace.

Plans recently submitted to the French Government by two deputies, M. Cadie and M. Mathe, set out in detail a £100,000,000 scheme which involves the gigantic task of linking the Atlantic Ocean with the Mediterranean Sea.

A canal more than 300 miles in length is proposed—an artificial waterway eight times longer than the Panama Canal, and three times longer than the Suez Canal

This Canal of Two Seas can start inland from the Atlantic seaboard at Le Verdon, in the Gironde district, and reach Narbonne, where there is a natural inlet into the Mediterranean, with an average width of 360 feet and a depth of 40 feet.

These measurements permit the passage of the largest liners and the largest men-of-war

And though the canal presents problems bristling with difficulties for engineers and geologists—all, the experts claim, are now capable of solution.

For some time a commission of twenty-eight experts, including civil engineers, geologists, financiers and economists, have laboured to bring dreams to reality.

Now the completed plans to "by-pass" the Straits of Gibraltar have been approved and passed by the authorities.

Such staggering problems as providing water for a canal which at some points will reach a height 350 feet above sea-level, thirteen mighty locks to raise the world's largest ships, and, above all, finding the vast amount of money required, are only a few of the difficulties which face the originators of this mighty scheme.

It is estimated that ships of all nations will save at least 1,000 miles of route by cutting through the heart of southern France instead of rounding the Spanish Peninsula and entering the Straits of Gibraltar.

ABOUT 100,000,000 tons of shipping are expected to use the canal yearly.

Revenue from canal dues when the work is completed will realise about 100,000,000 francs every year in net profit.

The canal will also enable the French and British Fleets to enter the Mediterranean quickly to relieve pressure on Gibraltar.

And such will be the size of this huge waterway that ships could pass through the greater part of its length in safety at a speed of ten knots.

Far more ambitious is the scheme to abolish the Mediterranean Sea altogether by building a mighty dam across the Straits of Gibraltar and keep out the Atlantic Ocean, which sweeps in at the rate of 100,000 cubic yards of water every second.

Professor Hermann Soergel, of Munich, has shown that once the water supply from the Atlantic is cut off the Mediterranean will disappear at the rate of about 5 feet 2 inches a year by evaporation.

But a dam across the Dardanelles, on the other side of the Mediterranean, would be needed—since the flow here has proved to be about 10 per cent. of that entering at Gibraltar.

It is not proposed to build the Atlantic Dam—which would be the greatest enterprise ever undertaken by man—across the Straits at the narrowest point because of the sea's great depth of some 550 yards.

Professor Soergel intends the dam to be built outward from Tarifa on the European side. There it would follow a line of submerged reefs and shallow places, and the greatest sea depth would be 350 feet.

The Atlantic Dam would arch out into the ocean in a wide loop, be 500 yards thick at the bottom and taper gradually to 50 yards at the top to withstand the appalling pressure of water.

HE points out, too, that no engineer would dare to provide flood gates to such a mighty barrier, because they would weaken the structure.

The advantages put forward are, of course, tremendous, since the draining of the Mediterranean Basin would provide a vast new land area in an overcrowded Europe.

This new land alone would compensate for the losses sustained by the seaports that would become obsolete all round the Mediterranean coast.

It must be understood that it is not proposed completely to drain the entire sea basin, but to reclaim great tracts of land in a wide belt all around the coast.

There are four big rivers which empty into the Mediterranean—the Ebro, Rhone, Po, and the Nile—and these alone would supply a vast volume of water.

But Professor Soergel shows convincingly that the necessary changes at the mouths of these rivers and of the Suez Canal could be effected without much difficulty.

ONE of the most significant advantages, however, would be a change of climate favourable to Northern Europe—and especially to the British Isles—because the Gulf Stream would be rendered much more effective.

At present the British Isles, Northern France, the Netherlands, Northern Germany, and even the Scandinavian countries, benefit tremendously from warmth brought to their shores by the Gulf Stream.

But few people know that this warming current is seriously affected by cold water which flows deep through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Atlantic.

Recent experiments have revealed that despite the vast inward flow of Atlantic water into the Mediterranean there is at the bottom a counter current of very cold water, which not only cools the Gulf Stream but diverts its course, and prevents it from reaching Europe directly.

Professor O. Jessen, the great authority on the Straits, drew a map of the prevailing conditions which shows clearly that the Gulf Stream would probably flow directly into the English Channel and out to the North Sea if the Mediterranean ceased to send its cold bottom-waters into the Atlantic.

SOERGEL'S MIGHTY DAM WOULD NOT ONLY CHANGE THE MAP OF EUROPE BUT GREATLY IMPROVE ITS CLIMATE.

It would also have far-reaching effects on the African continent, since the bottled waters of the Atlantic surging against the dam would provide free and perpetual motive power.

According to Soergel's calculations, this power would provide 160 million h.p. in electrical energy. Within a few years the Dark Continent could be transformed from jungle wastes into one of the most prosperous areas in the world.

So far, the biggest irrigation and water-power scheme constructed is the Boulder Dam, and many lessons of vital importance were learned by its builders.

(*Continued on page 38*)

Pains in the Back

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Rheumatic Pains, Painful Joints, Urinary Disorders, Bladder Weakness, Disturbed Sleep point to Sluggish Kidneys

WHY STRUGGLE on with that crippling pain, when Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills could put you right? Doans Pills stop the self-poisoning caused by weak kidney action. They stimulate and cleanse these vital organs, helping them to rid the blood of the harmful impurities which make life a misery. Thousands of grateful users recommend Doans Pills for backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, lumbago and sciatica.

"Doans Pills put me right"

Mr. C. Bloomfield, 177, Convamore Road, Grimsby, says: "Pains in my back were so acute I had to lie up on occasions for weeks. The water was unnatural and caused a scalding pain when seeking relief. I had splitting headaches and dizzy bouts. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills was the medicine I needed. They soon put my kidneys right and rid me of pain. I feel I have only Doans Pills to thank for my freedom from backache, lumbago and urinary disorders.

(*Signed*) C. Bloomfield."

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

NEW HANDY TIN 6D.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Back to lively health and slimness! *Of course*, you can be lively and trim in middle-age—and long after! The secret of fitness is in your liver and kidneys. If they are getting sluggish, it's time you did something to liven them up. Begin to-morrow morning taking a daily teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water and you'll soon feel again the sparkle of life—of youth!

Fynnon brings you the elements that work such wonders for wealthy folk at the great Spas. Its **Sodium, Potassium and Lithium** stimulate liver and kidneys in *Nature's* way. They rinse out toxins and poisons. They refresh and invigorate the entire system. Rheumatism, weariness, ugly fat, all go. Life, a joyous, energetic life, begins.

Large tins (a month's supply) of Fynnon Salt 1/3, from all Chemists.

Spa Minerals for RHEUMATISM

The Spa Water minerals are Nature's peerless remedy for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and neuritis. These same minerals in Fynnon Salt rinse away your pain and stiffness in your own home.

FYNNON *every morning*
FITNESS *every day*

FYNNON LTD., HENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Do you know?

Yes? or No?

Is it TRUE that Iron Improves the Hair?

Yes, it is true. Look at this diagram of a hair root. Note the tiny capillary blood vessels upon which the hair depends for nourishment. If the blood supplied by these vessels is weak and impoverished (iron-starved) the hair is undernourished and will consequently be poor and lifeless and tend to fall out. You can't have strong hair without strong blood. To make your blood strong you need IRON, because iron increases the number and vigour of the red blood cells which carry nutriment and oxygen to the hair roots. To ensure yourself against iron-starvation, start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal.

"Iron 'Jelloids' helped to restore my hair" "I have been taking Iron 'Jelloids' as I was losing all my hair and needed Iron to assist its growth. It has grown very well, and Iron 'Jelloids' have been one of the main factors in restoring it." (Mrs.)

Are YOU Iron-starved?

Most women are iron-starved, but don't know it. It is only when they have taken a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' that they realise how necessary iron-strength is for the preservation of health and beauty. *Start a course of Iron 'Jelloids' with your next meal.* As you gain iron-strength, you will find a new zest in life! You'll have more energy, a keener appetite, a stronger digestion, and will be delighted with the improvement in your looks. IRON 'JELLOIDS' cannot injure the teeth, and they improve digestion. The 1/3 size lasts ten days, the 3/- size 36 days.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2 For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine) For CHILDREN: No. 1

fortify you with IRON-strength to overcome Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Poor Appetite Weak Digestion—Headaches—Pallor Falling Hair—Pimples—Brittle Nails

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J. 78), Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON-STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength." J.B. 20/5/39

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

It's good
—if you see it advertised in "John Bull"
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

Make Certain of Your family's future

For your Own Protection!

—fill in the coupon on page 25.

PROVIDE for your future comfort and peace of mind by creating an estate for yourself or for your dependants. The Assurance Policies of the Pearl Assurance Co. are specially designed to meet the needs of JOHN BULL readers. An example of one method is given on page 25. Assurance of all sizes and any amounts and for any period can be granted. Fill in and post the coupon on page 25 for further particulars adapted to your needs! You will never regret it!

GASTRIC & STOMACH TROUBLES PERMANENTLY BANISHED

MY 3 DAYS' **FREE TRIAL** will be a revelation to all sufferers from Gastritis, Gastric Ulcers and Stomach Troubles of all kinds. No suppressive drugs are used, yet safely and surely all pain, burning and discomfort are removed, leaving you entirely free from the agony that makes of life an almost unbearable burden. I am determined to stamp out this modern scourge wherever I have the opportunity, and I am willing to prove my claims by sending a full 3 Days' Trial Treatment FREE. You will soon realise that nature, indeed, has the secret which will relieve you from the bondage of pain. Begin your treatment NOW at my expense. Send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, to me, GYPSY PETULENGRO, GYPSY PETULENGRO'S ROMANY REMEDIES, LTD. (Dept. 268), Purfleet, Essex.

2D. STOPS HEADACHE

NEURALGIA, NEURITIS

2D will end the thump of that nasty headache or the piercing jab of that nagging nerve pain! For 2d is the price of a *Beechams Powder*, the remedy which **"ACTS LIKE MAGIC"**. Owing to their special powder form *Beechams Powders* are **QUICKER-ACTING—MORE CERTAIN** in results! Why suffer? —just two pence will put you on the road to relief. *Beechams Powders* are just as marvellous for **Spring Colds and Chills** as well as **Rheumatism and Lumbago.** Get some *Beechams Powders* **TODAY!** Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS
BRAND

DRY SCALP

drains the life out of your hair

Use this HAIR DRESSING that ends Dry Scalp

IS your hair dry, dead and lifeless-looking? If so, you've got Dry Scalp, which can lead to dandruff, scurf, falling hair and eventual baldness.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp troubles. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until the scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long!* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll *feel* and *look* smarter.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic saves you money too. You need only a few drops. 1/6 a bottle, also large economy sizes 2/6 and 3/-. Prices and free offer not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER
For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.), with your name and address (in block letters) to Dept. J.B.27, Chesebrough Manfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

NEW!

1 Gets under dirt, scurf and dandruff.
2 Gets scalp and hair really clean.
3 Leaves no sticky soap scum deposit in hair.

'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO 4D

The dogs love racing and they amply repay the trouble taken with their training

A DOG'S LIFE...

But with a difference—if the dog is a racing greyhound

IT'S no dog's life for the kings and queens of the greyhound tracks now being trained for this Saturday's Greyhound Grand National.

Their health is better cared for than that of most humans. They have their own doctors, nurses, dieticians and masseurs.

After the dogs' Grand National there is the Derby, then the Oaks. And at big training centres at Northaw, Wembley, Burhill, as well as private kennels all over the country £100,000 worth of racing greyhounds are learning to be worthy of the shirts put on them.

Out on a 200 acres estate at Northaw in Hertfordshire, the Greyhound Racing Association has 300 dogs in training, waited on by a resident staff of 150 men.

Like Film Stars

There are another 300 dogs at each of the kennels maintained by the other leading Metropolitan tracks.

Every dog, whether champion or also-ran, is looked over as soon as he gets up in the morning. If he is ill, or merely off-colour, he has to be treated by the veterinary surgeon.

Treatment may consist of anything from a dose of salts to a morning sitting round in the artificial sun-ray room, complete with smoked glasses, like a film star on a Californian beach.

All the fit dogs have their stroll before a breakfast of bread and milk and raw eggs, and another longer stroll afterwards.

Then they come in for a grooming that would do credit to a society debutante.

For a couple of hours they are brushed and powdered, their nails are cut and manicured, and their teeth cleaned.

Their main meal of the day consists of a concoction of vegetable soup mixed with meat and bread.

At Northaw the dogs have their own gardeners, who grow the fresh vegetables for their soup, under their own noses, so to speak.

But Trainer McEllistrum, of Wimbledon track, swears by young stinging nettles for pepping up his dogs.

Expert Says...

"It's the best vegetable you can give them," he says, "as tasty as spinach and as nourishing, and it doesn't cost anything."

Well, McEllistrum has trained twice as many winning hurdlers in open races as all the other trainers put together, so he ought to know what's good for them.

The mystery of what makes a good hurdler—apart from stinging nettles—still baffles many trainers.

One famous expert never puts a dog over the jumps unless he shows a natural aptitude for it.

But McEllistrum does not agree. A good hurdler, he says, owes ninety per cent. of his success to his training, and only ten per cent. to natural aptitude.

And anyone who has seen him taking the fences with his dogs would add that a good hurdler needs an athletic trainer.

Some kennel-boys jump hurdles with young dogs on the end of a lead.

McEllistrum believes that is wrong, because if the dog gets a jerk with the lead in mid-air it will hurt his neck and discourage him from jumping again.

Instead, McEllistrum jumps ahead, and the dog follows him over because he likes his trainer.

It sounds very simple; but it still does not explain altogether how that champion hurdler of his, Printer, covers 40 ft. at a jump. There must be more than stinging-nettles and kindness to that, Mr. McEllistrum!

One of the greatest difficulties in training is to get your young dogs to start out of a trap.

You put the dog into the back of the trap, and as soon as the front of it goes up, his instinct tells him to run out and round the back—the way he went in.

A Northaw trainer solves the problem by throwing a young dog's food out on to the track as soon as the trap door goes up.

Every time the dog comes out, he throws the food farther and farther up the track, until the learner gets used to the start.

McEllistrum has another method. He puts an experienced dog in the trap, and sets a young dog alongside him outside the trap.

As soon as the trap opens, out shoots the old dog, with the youngster chasing after him in full cry. This is repeated several times before the young dog is tried from the trap.

Greyhounds are usually gentle, good-tempered animals. Trainers say that only one in a thousand will attack a man, and the best dogs are seldom quarrelsome among themselves.

Police Guard

"Champions don't have time to pick quarrels when they're racing," trainers will tell you. "It's the lazy dog who's fast, but not quite fast enough, that wants to fight."

What the dogs love best is racing. Four-thirty in the afternoon is the great time for those who are to race the same evening.

They know as soon as they get their light racing meal, instead of the ordinary diet, that they are bound for the track, and there is no peace in the kennels until they pile joyfully into their vans for the ride into Town.

As soon as they arrive they are examined by the veterinary surgeon and locked away under a police guard in the kennels. They are released only when it is time for their races.

Immediately their races are over they are taken home, massaged, rubbed down and given supper.

And so to bed. Not a bad working day, is it?

Just a Human Story

Account Rendered

I AM in debt for the first time in my life.

I write these words gazing at a bundle of dunning letters from debt-collecting agencies.

With them lie letters from firms with which I have had honourable dealings for many years—from firms which I imagined knew me beyond doubt to be an honest person.

They threaten me with legal proceedings, although not one of my debts is more than a few months old.

I am more worried and sick at heart about it all than I ever imagined a person could possibly be.

Why should I presume to think these personal facts are interesting? I will tell you.

They have enabled me to see, for the first time, what a gradgrind world this is, what little sympathy exists for the person who is really down.

I am a woman with a small private income that sufficed for my modest needs until 1937, when I fell ill. From then until a few months ago I therefore drew on my savings, which became exhausted towards the end of last year.

That point reached, I sat down to think out, as an honourable person, how I could pay my creditors.

I got a job as secretary to a Society woman at very little money. That done, I wrote to the people to whom I owed money and gave them the date when I would be able to pay in full.

Then their replies came, and I realised that they didn't trust me, that my pathetic little offers were treated by them as a dodge.

Now comes the rub. As secretary to that woman I became aware of the fact that she owed thousands of pounds where I owed tens, but that she wasn't being dunned.

The firm that threatened me with legal proceedings for a debt of 10s. 6d. contracted in January sends her "a/c rendered 1938" bills without a comment, for what I would regard as huge sums.

There is no pressure even for years' old luxury debts for such things as theatre boxes and grill-room charges.

Firms that are bullying me for shillings are craving fresh custom from this woman who has owed them big sums for years.

And I sit at my desk so miserable that I am hardly able to think—while she sails through singing and smiling, without a care in the world.

It is cruelly unfair.—*Miss F. M. J., South Kensington, S.W.*

IT'S THE

OLIVE OIL

THAT SCORES FOR PALMOLIVE

Nothing can soften a tough beard like Palmolive's Olive Oil lather — or give such soothing after-shave comfort. Are *you* in step yet with the legions of men who are getting well-shaved with Palmolive?

The most popular shaving cream because of these 5 POINTS.

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

6d and 1/-

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles suitable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/- per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars. Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:19:6 or 5/- monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:10:0 Terms: 6/3 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/- now

USEFUL TIPS . . .

and A FREE OFFER

Read Molly Montague's Article which appears on page 29.

The chronic pain of NERVOUS INDIGESTION is a sign that your whole Nervous System is undermined, affecting YOUR

Gastric Nerves

Connected with your stomach is a fine network of nerves which play a very important part in controlling your digestion.
AREA OF PAIN
If yours is a case of nervous indigestion you feel pain and discomfort in the area shown, particularly when you are subject to nervous strain.

A Special NERVE TONIC for Cases Like Yours

—just what you need to give tone to the whole system

No sufferer from depression, general nervous debility, neurasthenia and loss of vitality can get really well unless the vital processes are restored and the nerves, muscles, heart and tissues are built up *scientifically*.

It is because they do all these things that Dr. Cassells Tablets have brought lasting relief to millions during the last thirty years. Acting on the nervous system they have a most wonderful effect on the general health. That is because they are a true nerve tonic. They build up the nerves and it is the nerves which control all the other organs. Symptoms such as nervous indigestion, palpitations, heart weakness, lassitude, profound depression, dull headaches and sleeplessness give way to the healing effects of this remarkable prescription.

Dr. Cassells Tablets are not a secret remedy. The ingredients have been carefully chosen as the result of medical research. Each plays its part in restoring impoverished body tissues. Heart, stomach, nerves—all benefit. The 1/3 size would cost five times that amount if you had it specially made for you. Get a supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets and begin to take them today.

Prices: 1/3, 3/- & 5/-. TRIAL SIZE 6d

STRIKING TESTIMONY!

Nerve-breakdown after 'flu—
"Dr. Cassells did wonders for me."

Nervous debility after accident—
"Was complete wreck, very weak, now back at heavy work."

Neurasthenia—
"Dr. Cassells have restored me to a happy healthy condition."

Indigestion for 4 years—
"Since taking Dr. Cassells my health has greatly improved."

Concussion in car accident, had nerve weakness—
"Dr. Cassells were the making of me."

Nerve weakness with blood-pressure—
"Dr. Cassells have made me sleep well, my nerves are stronger, my appetite good, am better and stronger in every way."

Insomnia, depression, couldn't eat—
"Dr. Cassells have now cured me."

Rheumatism & 'nerves'—
"No words of mine can tell just what my wife and I owe to Dr. Cassells Tablets."

Neuritis—
"Dr. Cassells Tablets have performed a miracle."

Passed with breakdown—
"... but I attribute my excellent health and stability to Dr. Cassells Tablets."

Take Dr. Cassells and it won't be long before you will be ready to write and say you are feeling wonderfully well.

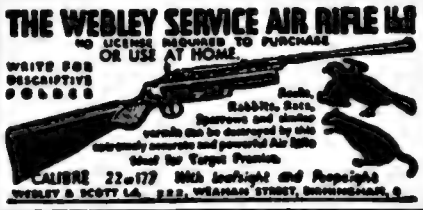
DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Finest NERVE TONIC in the World

THE WEBLEY SERVICE AIR RIFLE No. 1

NO LICENSE REQUIRED TO PURCHASE OR USE AT HOME.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET



Rooks, Rabbits, Rats, Sparrows and similar vermin can be destroyed by this extremely accurate and powerful Air Rifle. Ideal for Target Practice.

CALIBRE .22 or .177 With foresight and Peepsight

WEBLEY & SCOTT LTD. 222, WEAMAN STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 4

National Service and A CAREER AS WELL!

Get these FREE particulars.

If you are between 17½ and 23, or have a boy of that age, fill in the coupon on page 18, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to the Air Ministry (Dept. 37c/OBN.1), Kingsway, London, for free pamphlet about Observers in the Royal Air Force. Good pay, excellent prospects, holidays with pay and a gratuity on completion of service. Find out more about this career. See page 18.

Only One Thing Matters!

COMPETITORS' PARLIAMENT
conducted by "Compex"

"Bullets" Illustrated: She Thinks She Can Sing, But—Dog "Hit Right Note"!

Many readers have already availed themselves of this practical new service—Competitors' Parliament—presided over by "Compex." If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about Competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In these columns "Compex" will deal with various points in readers' queries, so that with doubts and difficulties dispelled they may benefit to the full from the opportunities offered by JOHN BULL'S Competitions.

* * *

I AM an old stager in *Bullets*, but haven't won anything higher than free-entry awards. Can it be that cash awards are made only to people who can afford to enter many coupons weekly? And am I right in thinking that the top prizes are reserved for competitors with imposing addresses?—Mrs. A. H., Gravesend.

Nonsense, madam. Scores of "Bulleteers" have soared straight from free-entry award to First Prize: if you can win one, you can win the other. Few entrants send more than one or two coupons weekly. Addresses don't interest the judges.

Proof? Recent First Prize-winner—Mr. S. N. Jones, 23, Church Street, Exmouth ("Bullets" No. 1,167)—had never previously won a single cash prize.

He is a van-driver: vast majority of big winners are men and women with small incomes. Dismiss thoughts of such imaginary obstacles and concentrate on the one thing that matters—entering good "Bullets."

WHY "WIDE-AWAKE" WON

In JOHN BULL'S 149th Crossword this clue appeared: *One in play may have to be wide-awake.* The winning answer was later given as HAT, but in my opinion there is nothing in the clue to justify this decision.—S. T. G., Elsecar, near Barnsley.

It looks as if you missed full meaning of clue. For instance, in a Wild West play an actor might well be required to wear a wide-awake (broad-brimmed felt) hat. You must watch each word of the clue carefully to hit the prize mark.

SAVING TIME

I like working out Crossword clues, but, as a busy man, I would welcome a quicker way of entering than filling up all those squares.—S. B., Weybridge.

What you need is the "Time-Sava" entry form, invented by JOHN BULL and available for all readers of our free weekly "Crossword Gazette." To obtain a regular supply fill up the Reservation Coupon on page 36.

HERE'S THE WAY

I enclose some *Bullets* which I propose entering. Do you think that they are up to prize standard?—A. E. C., Manchester.

Your efforts have been returned to you. As already pointed out, in fairness to other competitors I cannot undertake to criticise individual entries. Send them to the judges, and if they deserve prizes they will secure them.

If these "Bullets" do not meet with success, compare them with the winners when the contest's result appears in JOHN BULL and try again. That is the common-sense way in which scores of entrants have won big prizes.

CIVIL SERVANTS, TOO

Are civil servants in the Post Office service allowed to enter for prize competitions? If so, could you tell me the names of any who have won big prizes?—J. M. C., Salisbury.

There are certain necessary restrictions on the spare-time activities of Post Office workers, but these do not debar them or their families from entering for our competitions.

"Bullets" 1,166th First Prize was won by Postman G. Swainston, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn-by-Sea. One of 37 "Bulleteers" drawing prize pensions is Mrs. D. Faulknall, South Harrow, wife of a Post Office engineer.

WHERE JUDGES HELP

I have often noticed that when a *Bullet* appears in the winning list emphasis is laid on a word by printing it in italics, or else its point is stressed by putting it in quotation marks. Often, too, it seems that a dash or a comma makes all the difference. Now, punctuation has never been my strong point, any more than has spelling, so I am afraid I am badly handicapped.—Miss G. T., Highbury.

The judges put spelling right, also punctuate efforts to best effect. As you will see from First Prize coupons reproduced (exactly as entered) in "Bullets Bulletin," even First Prize-winners are often uncertain about such points. They didn't suffer—neither will you.

WHAT COUNTS

Now that a First Prize has come to Exmouth, I might as well give *Bullets* a rest, as I suppose it will be a long time before JOHN BULL sends another big prize down here.—P. O. B., Exmouth.

No reason why next week's or any future week's First Prize telegram should not go to an Exmouth entrant, provided his or her effort deserves it. It's up to you, for only merit counts.

THINKING IN "BULLETS"

I am under the impression that unless one enters regularly one is not likely to win a big *Bullets* prize. Are coupons separated and those from regular competitors judged apart from the efforts of occasional entrants?—Mrs. A. M., Leek.

Certainly not—all coupons receive the same careful consideration. Quite often a "Bulleteer" has stopped entering and then made a First Prize "come-back," proving that occasional entrants can win as well as regular competitors.

But, apart from enjoying your hobby to the full and having something to look forward to every week, here is another sound reason for entering regularly.

It gets you into the habit of thinking in "Bullets," and that brings the knack of building winning phrases easily.

THE DERBY FULL MARKET PRICES

are guaranteed for Derby Commissions post-marked not later than MONDAY, May 22, or telephoned or telegraphed not later than NOON on TUESDAY, May 23rd. Commissions for the DERBY placed on WEDNESDAY, May 24th, will be on at Full Starting Price, or Totalisator Returns as desired. NO LIMIT, Win or Place.

COPE'S

SEND THIS VALUABLE GUIDE TO RACING FREE

It is packed full of information written by experts to help the backer. Horses strongly tipped in this valuable book include many recent winners such as Pactolus, Panorama, America, Bistolfi, Blue Peter, River Prince, Rockfel, Unbreakable, Flying Star St Patrick's Day, Scottish Union. No racing man should be without it. Reserve your copy now as the edition is limited. 256 PAGES

YOUR RESERVATION FORM

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopaedia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name _____ JB 905

Address _____ Suggested Weekly Credit £

Town _____ County _____

DAVID COPE LUDGATE CIRCUS LONDON

Race with "Silver Ring"

There's Only One Epsom

DERBY DAY on Epsom Downs provides a spectacle that everyone should see at least once. It is a carnival besides which all other sporting functions pale into insignificance.

The lovely Surrey Downs form an ideal setting for the great race, and access is free to all. You could never get the Derby Day spirit on Newmarket Heath, and it is unthinkable that the race should be run on any of our enclosed racecourses.

Doncaster Town Moor on St. Leger Day is the nearest approach to the Derby; but there is not the same gaiety there.

It is going to be a great race on Wednesday next. The Trials at Chester, Lingfield and Newmarket have served to make the position a lot more interesting.

It will not have escaped the attention of many that four of the last seven Derby winners—April the Fifth, Hyperion, Windsor Lad and Mid-Day Sun—had proved in public their ability to stay a mile and a half.

Those who have demonstrated their stamina this year are Hypnotist, Triguero and Heliopolis.

One of this trio may lower the colours of Blue Peter. It was a very pleasing performance that Hypnotist gave in the Lingfield Trial—quite as impressive as April the Fifth and Mid-day Sun in the corresponding event.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 18, to Wednesday, May 24.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U

97 L H J I 96 E D K V W A N 95 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: WOZOM9398 would read PALADIN.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. GO989594298 would read PANTEEN.

A 20-YEAR VICTIM OF INDIGESTION

Now perfectly well!

That's not an uncommon experience. Thousands of people have suffered from digestive disorders for 20 years or more and then obtained complete relief through Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. There's nothing drastic about Mother Seigels, but relief is felt from the very first dose. Slowly but surely, the digestive organs are toned up—given new life. Food is digested more easily, and even hearty meals don't cause pain. With the digestion right, your nerves will be steadier, you'll sleep better, and feel better. All this thanks to Mother Nature, who provides the medicinal roots, herbs and barks from which Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup is made. Try it. 1/3 and 3/- at chemists everywhere. It will do you a world of good. JB

Phillips YEAST The Finest TONIC

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its 'Life' and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION . . . By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOUR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy

for NERVES and INDIGESTION

From all Chemists: 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST—and make sure you get the Real Thing. JB

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It's the DAILY POLISH that keeps shoes so much *smarter*

In Black, White, Brown, Tonette and Dark Tan Stain. Tins 2½d, 4½d, and 6d.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London W.4. CB M9.3

Skin Eruptions

CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS

Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic Eczema that makes your life a misery with its maddening itching day and night—Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied all your efforts to heal them—They all begin to mend at the first application of Cuticura Ointment. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish after one or two applications. Eczema of years' standing has been completely extinguished with a single tin of this amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing, purifying ingredients sink to the depths of the eruption and eradicate the poisons that cause all the irritation and inflammation. For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks and injuries—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable and handy than this unfailing healer.

THIS WRITER PROVED IT

"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with red, sore pimples which were exceedingly painful and embarrassing. After trying various things without success, I started with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and very soon my skin was perfectly clear." (Signed) L. R. W. Edwards, 28, Myrtle Villa, Swilly, Plymouth.

Why not let Cuticura heal you? Buy a tin to-day!

Cuticura OINTMENT

THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

(From actual photo)

To get relief from indigestion you must take the burning fire out of excess stomach acid. In recent tests, this kind of acid burned a hole right through a carpet. These tests also proved that RENNIE tablets can make burning excess stomach acid as mild as milk. RENNIES can do this because they reach your stomach *full-strength*. They are not diluted with water. They flow down in natural saliva. At once, the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize excess acid. Pancreatin helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin protect delicate stomach lining.

With *excess acid* made as mild as milk, pain stops. You can eat anything. Simply take 2 or 3 RENNIES after meals. Separately wrapped, carried loose in pocket or handbag—no fussing with glasses of water. One delighted user says, "I call them 'Rennies' from heaven." Every chemist sells Digestif RENNIE Brand Tablets. Large trial size, 6d. Four times as much 1/6.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** NO WATER NEEDED

MAKE EXCESS STOMACH ACID MILD AS MILK

watch NEWS REVIEW

When you're feeling "rotten"— grumble at your wife & children

"RE-FUEL" your GLANDS!

You're Mineral-Vitamin Starved!

This is the latest answer of Science to Human Needs

It gives *NEW HEALTH, VIGOUR & STRENGTH* to the WEAK, NERVY, RUNDOWN, DEPRESSED

In the wake of medical science's constant discoveries comes its latest — perhaps greatest — the therapy of re-awakening the human glands. The great brains of medicine now agree that we burn up too much of the precious minerals and vitamins which Nature put in our blood and glands. These are the substances that act as fuel — that give us the mental and physical energy to work, to move, to think. These you've got to put back.

The way we live today, with worry over money, possible war, holding down our jobs, our future, about our children, hard mental and physical work, noise — all these burn up too much of the minerals and vitamins which nature demands that our blood and glands contain. The result — you get depressed, weak, nervy, gradually vitality is lowered, your resistance weakened. After that anything can happen. But by replacing these as soon as you begin to feel low, depressed, run-down, listless, you take on new life. Immediately your glandular secretions start to flow normally again. You become vigorous, vital, alive.

This is what "Vikelp" Tablets do for you because they contain 9 out of the 12 life-giving minerals which your blood and glands require to keep you healthy, strong. They are made from a deep-sea plant which is the richest known single source of all these minerals and of the important vitamins, especially Vitamin B. Take 3 of these tablets with each meal for 10 days! You will feel new life surging through your whole being. Every part of your body feels strong — younger. Your eyes become clear — your looks improve. You have new energy, new vitality—new vigour. Even depression disappears. *The glands control your body, but YOU control your glands.*

Results or Your Money Back

Get a bottle of "Vikelp" Brand Tablets from your chemist. Try it for 10 days. If you do not feel better — eat better — sleep better — find new energy and strength — relieve goitre and rheumatism — send back the carton and we will return your money in full. Start "Vikelp" today. You risk nothing, but you will find a new road to perfect health and strength. Send for free 50-page Book on why YOU need Minerals and Vitamins to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. JB 5/3), 128-134 Baker Street, London, W.1. Prices 1/9 *(Test Size)*, 3/6 *(10-day Guarantee Size)*, 6/9 *(Economy Size)*, 17/6 *(Hospital Size)*.

HOW "VIKELP'S" MINERALS & VITAMINS GIVE PERFECT HEALTH BY "RE-FUELLING" THE BLOOD AND GLANDS

FOOD IODINE
Controls the Thyroid Glands, assists Digestion, corrects weight, prevents goitre.

RUNDOWN, ILL

IRON
Creates rich, red blood, corrects anaemia, headaches and weakness, helpful in bronchial and lung troubles.

CALCIUM
Builds strong bones and muscles. Keeps teeth sound. Very valuable for expectant and nursing mothers.

NERVOUSNESS DEPRESSION

COPPER
Necessary for the blood. Prevents Anaemia. Promotes vigour and vitality.

PHOSPHORUS
Most valuable of all nerve tonics. Guards against Neurasthenia. Corrects kidney and bladder troubles.

COLDS AND HEADACHES

SODIUM
Prevents Indigestion, develops physical endurance.

POTASSIUM
Stimulates Heart and Lungs. Normalizes blood pressure.

NERVY STOMACHS

MAGNESIUM
Builds up Nerve Tissues. Keeps skin clear.

SULPHUR
Purifies the blood. Helps to a perfect complexion.

WEAK CHILDREN

MANGANESE
Corrects Anaemia. Prevents Gout and Debility.

"Vikelp's" Vitamins, especially Vitamin B, augment the beneficial effect of all these Minerals.

NOTICE TO 'VIKELP' USERS

'Vikelp' Tablets are now sold in a NEW SMALL CONCENTRATED TASTELESS FORM TO BE SWALLOWED, as well as the regular larger eating tablet

YOUR CHEMIST HAS BOTH

A Full-size Easy Chair that adjusts itself! For 5/- down.

Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on page 23. The Superlax Model illustrated can be obtained for 5/- with order and a few monthly payments of only 10/-. Get full details of this offer and *Send for Free Catalogue.*

Fill in the Coupon on page 23 for free illustrated Catalogue, together with patterns, coverings, etc.

URACE for RHEUMATISM

FREE SAMPLE! From Newbery & Phillips Ltd. 23m Bunhill St. London, E.C.1

From your chemist, 1/6 & 3/-

WIN OVER £1300 PLUS £250 Cash and SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO

IN WEEKLY £1 PENSION CHEQUES DURING NEXT 25 YEARS

Fares, Hotel Accommodation and £2 Entertainment Bonus to provide Glorious Seaside Week for Two.

£500 CASH IF WINNER PREFERS SINGLE AWARD

NOTE—FRIDAY is the NEW CLOSING POSTMARK for JOHN BULL'S BIG HOLIDAY X-WORD

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP AND UNLIMITED £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUES for RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£5 Holiday Cash for EVERY cash winner this week who also secures cash prize in NEXT WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 153

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, May 26, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, May 27.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 8. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 13, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 14.

FINE CASH-PLUS-HOLIDAY PRIZES FREE!

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Fine Cash-plus-Holiday offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES

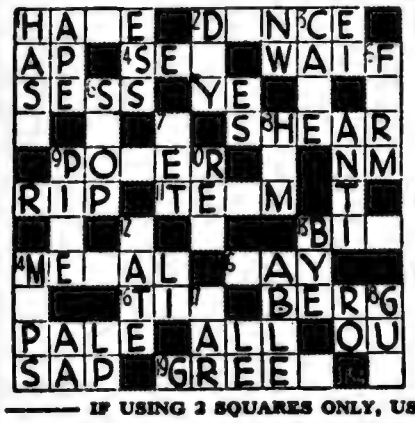
1. Fishmonger can sometimes supply customer with
2. May turn out quite good exercise
4. Ocean
9. One sometimes gets this specially for fire
11. One would expect good school to have a successful one
13. You can sometimes get a lot in one
14. There is often a design, some writing, or a date on this
15. Nigger minstrel troupe sometimes works in old one
16. Fasten
19. It's rather unusual for people to write letters in this

DOWN CLUES

1. Resourceful person could probably make this out of suitable odds and ends
2. Twenty-four hours make one
3. One would expect teacher to use this when severely punishing bad boy
5. Field should be taken into consideration when deciding on this
6. People aren't likely to do this readily when working at really interesting job
7. One on racecourse is not likely to make much money
8. There's something wrong when speakers do this
9. You may see one of fish in fish market
10. Draper is likely to stock something in this
12. That of country manor house is often very old
14. They are fairly easy to draw
17. One hears with this
18. It's best to keep well away from one that's blazing away

'CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 154. New Closing Postmark Friday, May 26, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 154, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 151

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 151 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

D. A. MALONE, 64, Westfield Rd., Heaton, Bradford.
Miss B. SMITH, 34, Windermere Ave., Finchley, N.3.
R. WALLWIN, 30, Merchant Ave., Spondon, Derby.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £350, and a cheque for £116 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 23, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 50 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

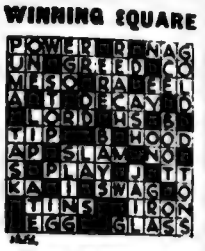
£5 Holiday Cash will be sent to every cash winner this week who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 152.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 350 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—3. MAG. 6. GREED. 8. EEL. 9. LORD. 12. HOOD. 14. SLAM. 15. PLAY. 19. SWAG. 20. TINS. 21. EGG. 22. GLASS.
DOWN.—1. PUMA. 2. REACH. 4. ACE. 5. GOLD. 7. STOP. 10. BOOT. 11. TASK. 12. BAYS. 14. SLING. 16. JAIL. 17. TOMS. 18. ATE.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with your entry the Reservation Coupon below.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on NEW BLOT-FREE "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

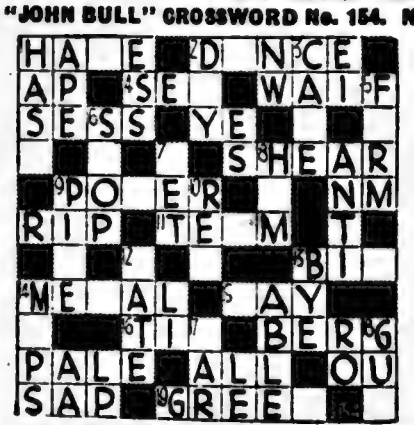
Name .....

Address .....

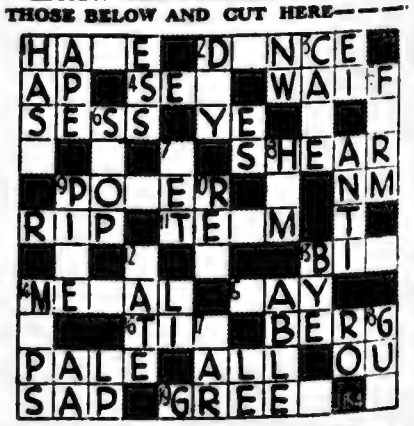
N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to: "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2

'CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 154. New Closing Postmark Friday, May 26, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES 2s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

NEW HELP for "CROSSWORDERS"—See page 34

The Editor Laughs Last

HOUSEWIFE (Clevedon).—"How can I get the best out of an electric cooker?" Just open the door.

CROONER (Luton).—"My first appearance as a performer on the stage was a terrible ordeal." For the audience?

E. R. (Brentwood).—"I never give anything to beggars at the door." What do you do—ask 'em inside?

W. A. (Oldham).—"You can often tell a man's character from the lines on his face." And on his wife's.

● E. L. (Selby).—"A well-known medical man assures me that the air of Britain is gradually becoming purer." In spite of the new golf courses that are springing up all over the country.

F. G. S. (Twickenham).—"I cannot understand why there was so much criticism of my score in the cricket match." Just a lot of fuss about nothing?

R. M. (St. Albans).—"As I was not anxious to fight a man bigger than myself, I departed under something of a cloud." They couldn't see you for dust.

DORIS (Blackheath).—"He was so nervous when he proposed that I could hear his heart beating like a drum." That, probably, was just a call to arms.

CRICKETER (Hendon).—"In order to encourage the other team we deliberately threw our wickets away." In other words, you were all out to please them.

TRAINER (Newmarket).—"Do you realise that a racehorse runs much better after a good rest?" We dare say, but by then the others have passed the post.

D. M. (Polegate).—"The majority of novels published nowadays will soon be forgotten." Yes, that is why we make a point of never lending ours.

R. L. (Bow).—"I have worked hard on my garden and can now truthfully say that there isn't a single weed or stone in it." Well, be careful the cat does not knock it off the window-sill.

● E. I. (Eastbourne).—"A sudden storm drove everybody from the beach with the exception of one man." Perhaps he was the one who had actually paid his twopence for a deck-chair?

W. M. (Alton).—"It is a well-known fact that a camel can go without water for eight days." Almost any small boy could beat that.

J. C. (Newark).—"When the constable stopped me for speeding, I told him I was in a hurry to get to my dentist." Now we'll tell one!

B. L. (Huntingdon).—"A dictator's job is the loneliest in the world." What about taking a silver collection at a street meeting in Aberdeen?

VERA (Liverpool).—"He would have gone much farther but I told him just where he got off." See letter below.

ARTHUR (Liverpool).—"If the young lady hadn't told me just where to alight, I should have gone past the bus stop and been late for my appointment." See letter above.

BILL (Norwich).—"I don't know whether to join the Army or the Navy. Which do you think appeals most to the girls?" They both have a uniform appeal.

AUTHOR (Leicester).—"No one was more surprised than I was when the critics proclaimed my novel the funniest book of the year." Why, was it meant to be a tragedy?

MRS. E. D. (Hull).—"The woman next door stands at the gate talking nearly all day. Where would I be if I carried on like that?" Standing at the gate talking!

MODEL (Chelsea).—"The artist had the impudence to expect me to pose for three consecutive hours but I told him I wasn't going to stand for that." Did he then offer you a chair?

C. Y. (Warwick).—"Although the man who was accused of a smash-and-grab raid was found with several rings in his pocket, he denied he had broken the jeweller's window." But it looks as though he'd had a hand in it.

The Kid—by LEES

MR. W. (Lincoln).—"Since I have been married I have never gone with holes in my socks." See letter below.

MRS. W. (Lincoln).—"One of the first things I did after I got married was to teach my husband how to darn his own socks." See letter above.

● G. L. (Fratton).—"How do busy business men manage to get through their daily round?" Some of them don't—they give up after the first few holes.

L. P. (Grendon).—"Have you scattered plenty of lime in your garden for the slugs?" No, they haven't quite finished our early lettuce yet.

M. H. (Wivenhoe).—"My small son seems to be able to get more out of our wireless set than I do." And is he able to get it back again in the right place?

F. C. (Whitby).—"My wife tells me that at night she repeatedly dreams she's married to a millionaire." You're lucky. Ours dreams that in the daytime.

F. R. (Islington).—"In days gone by, horses used to take most of us down to Epsom for the Derby." Now they just let us down.

F. N. (Burnt Oak).—"They only bought the grand piano to fill up the room." Sometimes a piano has just the opposite effect.

EX-SAILOR (Portsmouth).—"No man really gets his first taste of the sea until he has sailed in a windjammer." Or swims with his mouth wide open.

MRS. A. M. P. (Highgate).—"I envy people who get holidays with pay, for a busy mother like me gets neither." Cheer up—you can get both with a coupon from page 39.

S. D. (Hungerford).—"I can never seem to hit a nail without banging my finger. Is there any way of avoiding it?" Yes, get somebody else to hold the nail.

S. L. (Tring).—"A woman must have graceful poise to be photographed for the Society papers." Oh, we don't know. Ability to sit on a shooting-stick seems enough.

● E. M. (Hitchin).—"What can I do when my wife wants a mountaineering holiday, and I am anxious to go to the good old seaside?" Nail some spikes in your shoes.

E. R. (Tranmere).—"It is practically impossible to cheat at chess, which is the fairest of all games." Everything above board and on the square.

D. N. G. (Mablethorpe).—"Taking a corner on two wheels should be a punishable offence." Rather hard on cyclists, aren't you?

R. T. (Bath).—"My friend is to be married again. This is the third time she will be led to the altar." She should be able to find her way there blindfolded.

DOCTOR (Manchester).—"In time, women will pay for the silly fashions that they wear." In the meantime, their husbands continue to do so.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

T. L. (Barnet).—"He is a very accurate fortune-teller." So is our bank manager.

H. H. (Stoke).—"I have heard the call of the wild." We, too, have played bridge with partners like that.

D. B. (Clifton).—"Every year I go to the same resort on account of the beauty of the place." Why not marry the girl?

P. F. (Whitby).—"Have you any idea how much I have spent on my daughter's summer dresses this year?" No, there's so little to go on.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

MIDDLETON GUARDIAN:—"Lancashire is famous for cotton because of its HUMILITY."

THE CORK EXAMINER:—"... bringing in the leaders of the Opposition and RESTORMING Mr. Eden and Mr. Duff Cooper to office."

THE STAR:—"The moral of the play is that money is a PURE substitute for love."

SHIELDS GAZETTE:—"... also saw the new anti-aircraft BUNS."

DEAN FOREST MERCURY:—"Reporting on the installation of a telephone KICK."

THE DAILY EXPRESS:—"The Palestine plan is a complete vindication of a GROUSE which we have taken in the face of calumny, misrepresentation and misunderstanding."

A dangerous age for STOMACH PAINS

Durham man's complete relief

At an age when any stomach disorder is a source of grave concern, Mr. T. D. S., of Consett, Durham, began to suffer acute internal pains. He spent much money, so he writes, on remedies that failed, before he gained the relief so vitally necessary at his age. Here are his own words:

"I have for some twelve months been ill with a bad pain, first in my stomach, then in my side. Every night I had to get out of bed with the pain. I have taken two bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and felt so much benefit that now I have my third. All pain has gone, also all flatulence, and I feel quite renewed in health. My age as 74 and am working every day in the steel works."

The same gentle but effective treatment that gave this Durham sufferer relief will free you from stomach trouble. Indigestion, excess acidity, and even the painful and serious conditions of ulceration, all yield to the gentle, balanced action of the alkalies in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Get a bottle to-day. See that it is MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets; also new slide top tin of Tablets, 1/3.

A NEW SALT TO WAKE UP THE LIVER

Every now and again a new discovery is made that opens up for us all a new vista of health and happiness. The latest is a subtle combination of natural salts that wake up the liver and keep it awake. What a boon that will be for thousands who have not known for years what it is to feel bright and gay because of sluggish lazy liver.

This new effervescent saline is remarkable for its rapid energising effect. Less than a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water produces a refreshing drink charged with vitalising, tonic qualities that put fresh life into the liver and make it function with rejuvenated activity. Waste matter no longer clogs the system. Your eyes brighten; your head becomes "as clear as a bell," your tongue "as clean as a whistle."

These are big claims, but remember that Livaclean is something new, bringing you the benefits of the very latest laboratory success. Livaclean can faithfully make big claims because it can truly live up to them. You'll soon prove this for yourself before you have finished your first tin. Livaclean is sold by all chemists and stores. 9d. per tin; double size, 1/4. Made by Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

A SECRET PROCESS MAKES STILL 7 for 6D. *The* NEW STEAD BLADE IN THE WEEKLY WALLET KEENER—LAST LONGER

PURE BEER FOR 1D. PER PINT ALE OR STOUT

SPLENDID TONIC AND FOOD EASILY MADE AT HOME FROM VIGGORMALT. The Pure Triple-Strength Extract of Malt and Hops. Free Yeast with Each Tin—Simply add Cold Water. Get a Shilling tin of Viggormalt today from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International Co-op, Parkes or any Store Chemist or Grocer; or send stamps or P.O. for 1/- direct to Viggormalt, Ltd., Dept. JB, Parkside, Bedford Hope, Sussex. Post Free U.K. and Eire. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxmliver Pills. Price 1/3.

The Quickest Way To Stop Indigestion

says Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris,

is to remove the *cause* of the trouble—excess stomach acid. I find that this can best be done by taking after meals a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This preparation contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science, a fact proved recently by X-ray experiments. I advise any of you who suffer from indigestion to get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia; you'll find that a small dose will stop stomach pain within two or three minutes.

N.B. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at 6d., 1/3d. and 2/6d.

STOP GREYNESS THIS EASY WAY

Why look old? Just comb through grey or faded hair with Hindes Hair Tint—and greyness goes. Hair is at once restored to its original colour and youthful lustre. Available in Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown or Black. Harmless, non-greasy or sticky and cannot be detected. Free Sample—Send 2d. and state shade required, Hindes Ltd., 5, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

HINDES Hair Tint

Marvellous Relief from PILES

"Dear Sirs—I must thank you very much for GERMOLOIDS. They are really marvellous for giving relief at once and ensure a good night's rest. I feel so grateful that I have found relief. Mrs. S., Nottingham."

Germoloids (Brand) are the wonderful new internal treatment which are saving thousands from the discomfort and agony of Piles. Simple, clean, inexpensive, *GERMOLOIDS* end smarting and itching, reduce swelling, heal the tissues and protect sensitive nerves.

Germoloids

From Chemists, 1/3 per box of 12

CATARRH-NOSES

Clean out poisonous mucus. Banish Catarrh

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy stops Catarrh. Instantly cleans out Nose. Clears Head, Throat, Chest. Brings away the germ-laden mucus that is poisoning you. "NOSTROLINE" soothes Soreness, Heals Inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu; relieves Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness. Insist on "NOSTROLINE" and take nothing else. 1/3 at all Chemists.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.95, Bristol, 8.

RHEUMATISM OF YEARS STANDING

If you suffer from this harassing complaint do not give up hope. Vitadatio the tried and proved herbal remedy triumphs again! Mrs. White, Cubitt Town, Poplar, writes:—"I have been ill for years with Rheumatism and Ulcer on my ankle, been under treatment for months and in Hospital with little result. My son advised me to take Vitadatio and I never felt better for years. I can walk and wear shoes which I have not worn for three years. I cannot praise Vitadatio too highly."

Start now! Get a bottle to-day! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.). From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK RW 121

If You're Run-down

Get this FREE BOOKLET!

—Feeling tired? lack pep? and attractiveness? Learn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom. Fill in the Coupon on p. 31 for an informative FREE BOOK, "IRON STARVATION: The Thief of Health and Strength." Write for this to-day!

No Job Too Big for Man!

Continued from page 30

For more than twenty years American engineers dreamed of this project.

It has made it possible for five million people to populate 1,000 square miles of arid and barren land, and to transform a desert into what is fast becoming one of the most prosperous areas of the United States.

Boulder Dam has created the largest artificial lake in the world, 115 miles long, and requiring three years to fill.

Water comes chiefly from the melting snows on surrounding mountains. The dam itself cost £30,000,000, but with its collateral works the entire scheme has absorbed £80,000,000.

THE Colorado River has been harnessed and a dam of 727 feet high built to hold in check 41,500,000 tons of water.

If you think of these facts the Mediterranean drainage scheme no longer seems a scientist's dream.

Britain's smallness limits the achievements of her engineers. But there are schemes in hand sufficient to fire the imagination.

The most ambitious idea in Great Britain at the moment is to give London an aerodrome in the form of an enormous platform erected high over the Thames between Blackfriars and Southwark bridges.

This platform would be at least 1,000 feet wide, raised high above the way of shipping. Passengers to the City Airport would ascend to the aerodrome by lifts.

A Central London Airport would save a journey of ten miles from Croydon through congested traffic areas to the City.

Another ambitious scheme for London has been submitted to the authorities by Mr. W. Reveley. He suggests that the sharp bends in the River Thames should be eliminated—in other words, that the "winding Thames" should become one straight line to expedite shipping and claim large areas of valuable dockland.

IT is proposed to demolish in one bold stroke the Isle of Dogs by cutting a channel straight through from Limehouse to Blackwall, leaving the long reach round the island as a magnificent dock area of 434 acres with flood-gates at each entrance to the new river course.

All jobs for giants? Yes, but before London was a city, before Europe was even civilised, the ancient world did jobs comparatively as big.

One monument of gigantic endeavour—built 220 years before the Christian era—has in recent years halted an army equipped with all the weapons of modern warfare.

Like many invaders before them, the Japanese were at first loath to penetrate beyond the Great Wall of China—one of the seven wonders of the world, and the mightiest barrier ever raised by the hands of men.

The Great Wall was built by Shi Hwang-ti, the first emperor, who assembled 300,000 workmen and forced them to toil night and day to erect a rampart against invasion by the Tartar hordes.

These men worked on unceasingly for fifteen years, building on granite foundations for a distance of 1,400 miles. Into the wall itself the emperor threw the bodies of a million of his subjects "to make it strong."

CHINA'S Wall rises from the eastern sea at Shanhaikuan, and borders the northern boundary of the old empire, until it becomes lost amid the desolation of the Gobi Desert.

What would be the cost to-day of a wall 1,400 miles long, 25 feet wide, varying in height between 30 feet and 60 feet, and crossing mountain ranges rising in some places to the height of more than a mile?

People would laugh at the project.

People may laugh to-day at the idea of draining the Mediterranean, but if our engineering giants get to work, then laughter may soon turn to amazement.

CAPTURE any one of this week's three principal cash prizes and you will be privileged to celebrate your success with the happiest holiday you have ever enjoyed.

Apart from having your pockets already filled with *Bullets* cash you will win the Freedom of the Seaside, providing a glorious week's free entertainment and accommodation for two at one of Britain's loveliest and most health-giving resorts. By special arrangement with Planned Holidays, Limited, JOHN BULL can offer you free fares to Margate, free hotel accommodation and a Holiday Season Ticket that provides free variety shows, free concerts, free bathing, free dancing and many other free privileges. Such an All-in Holiday has never before been offered in any competition.

Accept this invitation to a glorious Celebration Week at the Seaside by making good use of a coupon cut from next page! If you are wise, you will start on the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions given.

COUPONS AND "EXAMPLES" ON NEXT PAGE ☛

'BULLETS' 1,168 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300 Cash—or 10-in-1 Prize as announced.

G. E. HARVEY, 19, Franklyn Avenue, Crewe, Cheshire.

Example: HITLER'S MISTAKE
Bullet: "ERASING" VERSAILLES BY "BLOTS."

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

E. A. BIRD, 222, Portland Road, Wyke Regis, Weymouth.
Example: Torch Of Democracy
Bullet: Held High—High-handed Held.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

W. FRANKLIN, 619, Sandyhills Road, Glasgow.
Example: This Generation
Bullet: Lives Fully, But Fearfully.

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: R. COOPER, 26, Lumley Road, Skegness, Lincs.
Hitler's Mistake—*Writing* "Bible," Not *Reading*.

£8: S. THOMAS, 87, Camden Road, London, N.W.
End Of The Road—Brighter—She's "At Gate."

£7: J. ROBINSON, 136, Chapel Road, Oldham.
Volunteering To Help — "Rush" Needed Before "Hour."

£6: G. STEPHENSON, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley, Yorks.
End Of The Quarrel—Let's Hasten, Lest Hastiness——

£5: J. W. A. DEIGHTON, 7, Lime Tree Avenue, New Earswick, York.
Another Crisis — Over — "Seven-pounder" Opened Fire.

£4: Mrs. S. VENABLES, 164, Birmingham Road, Oldbury.
Ought To Be Conscripted—Money, Same As Sonny.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: J. A. SKIRTON, 1, Deansway, Chippenham, Wilts.
Torch Of Democracy—Followers "Right Brand," Too.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. R. ATTWOOD, 2, Regent Street, Dunstable, Beds.
Summit Of Success—Prevents Mother Visiting Him.

H. CRITCHLEY, 36, Paradise Lane, Whiston, Prescot, Lancs.
Liberty—Priceless—"Charge" Of "Free."

Mrs. C. EVANS, 1, Stroud Gate, S. Harrow.
Flowers—"Screen" *Royalty* Appears Behind.

E. HAWLEY, 61, St. George's Road, Barnsley, Yorks.
Liberty—"Doormat," When Dictatorship "Enters."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

E. OLIVER, 67, Dens Road, Dundee, Angus.
Story Of Success—"Told," Because "He Listened."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. B. B. QUINNEY, Tolladine Farm, Worcester.
Flowers—For Sandy's "Daisy," Buttercups!

Mrs. J. SEWELL, 4, Middleton Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Now Dad's Cooking—Thermometer's Rising—Gasometer's Falling!

S. J. TURNER, "The Bullet." Steer Park Terrace, St. Marychurch, Torquay.
Torch Of Democracy—Spreading "Light"—Shield It!

Miss B. WATT, 28, Bannerman Street, Singer, Clydebank.
Throwing Money Away—Recklessly—Gave Detective "Tip."

A. WIDDISON, 31, Lockton Avenue, Heanor, Notts.
When Auntie Volunteered—*Uniform* Wouldn't "Join Up"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 1,000 winners of 2-in-1 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

FINE CASH plus HOLIDAY PRIZES!

£300 CASH plus 'All-in' SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO

BULLETS 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£25 CASH PLUS 'ALL-IN' HOLIDAY FOR TWO

£10 CASH PLUS 'ALL-IN' HOLIDAY FOR TWO

£9 | **£8** | **£7** | **£6**

£5 | **£4** | **£3**

10 of £2·10

30 New 7-IN-1 HOLIDAY AWARDS

NEVER PREVIOUSLY OFFERED IN ANY COMPETITION

200 2-in-1 SURPRISE AWARDS

THOUSANDS of other PRIZES

By special arrangement with Planned Holidays Limited, this week's "Bullets" Holiday Winners will enjoy not only good seaside accommodation but also pleasures and privileges such as have never been offered to Competition Winners.

Your railway fare to Margate, one of Britain's gayest, loveliest and most health-giving seaside resorts, will cost you nothing. Your Hotel will cost nothing. You receive a special Holiday Season Ticket which entitles you and a companion to Free *Variety Shows*, Free *Concerts*, Free *Bathing*, Free *Tennis*, *Golf* and *Bowls*, Free *Dancing*, Free *Deck-Chairs*, Free *Greyhound Racing* and other Free Privileges as well!

WIN THE FREEDOM OF THE SEASIDE FOR A "BULLET"!

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, KAISER HITLER, you might jot down *Extending Boundaries, Forgetting Lessons Of History.* This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, KAISER HITLER—ALTERING "GEOGRAPHY," FORGETTING "HISTORY."

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THANKS TO CONSCRIPTION
MAN IN KHAKI
KAISER HITLER
IN A HURRY
FATE STEPPED IN AND
TAXPAYER'S HOLIDAY
TO BREAK THE MONOTONY
LET'S BE FRIENDS AND
"YOU COWARD!"
COOL AS A CUCUMBER
GOING TO THE FRONT
SONNY SAYS
THE SEA WAS ROUGH, SO
IN FEAR AND TREMBLING
HER BABY
CROWNING JOY
DAD'S AN OPTIMIST, SO
JUDGING BY THE ROW
IN LIFE'S INNINGS
DOCTOR SEASIDE

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice Col. 1:

IN MATRIMONY'S .....
SHE'S A ....., BUT
ANNOYS .....
SUMMER'S .....
..... OF LOVE
TO SAVE .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,172) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 27.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,172) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 27.

Signed .....

Address .....

Don't Miss Page 34 This Week!

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,172 and Crossword No. 154, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, May 27.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,172) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 27.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, MAY 27.

FREE CASE of GROCERIES

STOCK your larder with one of these useful 10-in-1 Bonus Awards. Provided you submit 3 paid (or prize) coupons this week, "John Bull" will present one FREE with any of the 50 chief prizes which you win.

EVERY HOME NEEDS ONE!

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,172 usually purchase "John Bull."

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

PRIZE DAYS.—The First Prize Joy Wire to the winner in this week's Contest will be despatched on Friday, June 9. The Second and Third Prize-winners will learn the good news by letter on Saturday, June 10.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,172, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How does she keep so SLIM and Attractive

SHE'S lovely to look at with her slender figure, her beautiful clear complexion—and so happy, for she's found the secret of keeping slim and beautiful—Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans besides melting away surplus fat daily, purify the blood, thus giving you that lovely skin so greatly admired by all. And as Bile Beans are purely vegetable they can be taken regularly each night with perfect safety.

You, too, can become slim and beautiful if you follow her lead and start to-night with Bile Beans.

"For keeping my figure so slim and youthful I give full credit to Bile Beans. I don't have to diet or take things strenuously so long as I remember my Bile Beans at bedtime. Ever since taking them I've had a feeling of fitness and health that carries me through the longest day." —Miss J. H., London, W.3.

* * *

"I confidently recommend Bile Beans to all who have a tendency to put on weight. Bile Beans, in a perfectly safe manner, not only remove surplus fat, but they promote vitality and keep one fit and in splendid health."—Nurse F. K., Nottingham.

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

For Summer Fitness and Slimness

J.B.L.72 59*

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